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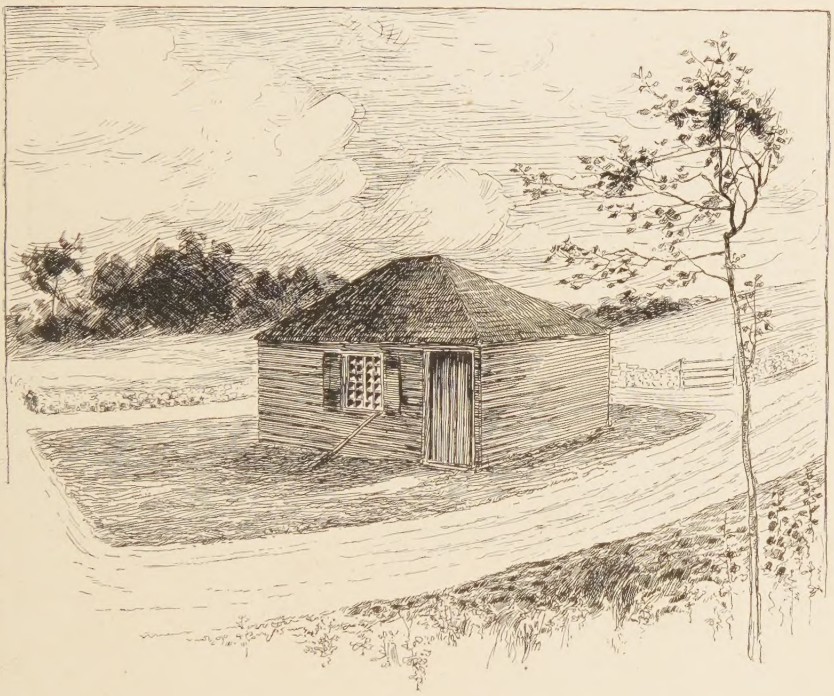
CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).



COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE IN 1837.
—*From "Eighty Years' Progress of British North America," Toronto, 1863.*

III.

In a new country like Canada one cannot look for the high culture and intellectual standard of the old communities of Europe. But there is even now in Canada an intellectual activity which, if it has not yet produced a distinct literature, has assumed a practical and useful form, and must, sooner or later, with the increase of wealth and leisure, take a higher range, and display more of the beauty and grace of literary productions of world-wide interest and fame. The mental outfit of the people compares favourably with that of older countries. The universities of Canada—McGill, in Montreal, Laval, in Quebec, Queen's, in Kingston, Dalhousie, in Halifax, and Trinity

HAMILTON (ONT.) PUBLIC SCHOOL, 1900.
—From Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed."

and Toronto Universities in Toronto—stand deservedly high in the opinion of men of learning in the Old World and the United States, whilst the grammar and common school systems in the English-speaking provinces is creditable to the keen sagacity and public spirit of the people, who are not behind their cousins of New England in this particular.

We have already seen the low condition of education sixty years ago—only one in fifteen at school; but now there are almost a million of pupils in the educational institutions of the country, or one in five, at a cost to the people of upwards of $10,000,000, contributed for the most part by the taxpayers of the different municipalities in connection with which the educational system is worked out. In Ontario the class of school-houses is exceptionally good, and the apparatus excellent, and the extent to which the people tax themselves may be ascertained from the fact that the Government only contributes annually some $1,512,000 out of a total expenditure of about $4,200,000.

In French Canada there is an essentially literary activity, which has produced poets and historians whose works have naturally attracted attention in France, where the people are still deeply interested in the material and intellectual development of their old colony. The names of Garneau, Ferland, Frechette, and Casgrain, especially, are recognized in France, though they will be unfamiliar to most Englishmen, and even to the majority of Americans, who are yet quite ignorant of the high attainments of French Canadians, of whom Lord Durham wrote, in 1839, "They are a people without a history and without a literature," a statement well disproved in these later times by

the works of Parkman, and the triumphs of French Canadians in Paris itself.

The intellectual work of the English-speaking people has been chiefly in the direction of scientific, constitutional and historical literature, in which departments they have shown an amount of knowledge and research which has won for many of them laurels outside of their own country. In the infancy of the United States, works like "The Federalist," with its wealth of constitutional and historical lore, naturally emanated from the brains of publicists and statesmen. In grace of oratory—especially in the case of some French Canadians like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present premier, and Sir Adolphe Chapleau, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec—which would be creditable to the United States in its palmy days.

Anyone who reviews the fourteen volumes already published by the Royal Society of Canada—one of the most useful results of Lord Lorne's administration—will see how much scholarship and ability the writers of Canada bring to the study of scientific, antiquarian and historical subjects. In science, the names of Sir William Dawson, of

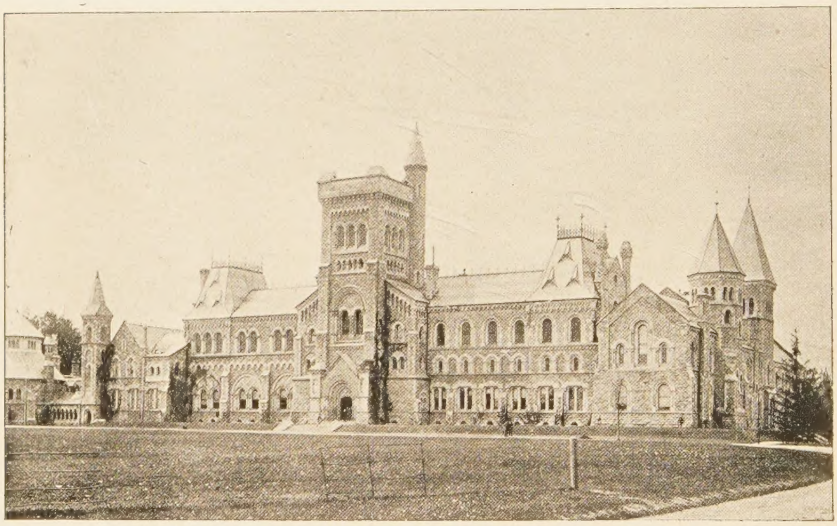
PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF UPPER CANADA.
—*From Bonnycastle's Canada, 1840.*

laying the foundation of a great nation the learning and wisdom of the best intellects were evoked, and it has been so in a measure in Canada, where the working out of a system of government adapted to the necessities of countries with distinct interests and nationalities has developed a class of statesmen and writers with broad national views and large breadth of knowledge. On all occasions when men have arisen beyond the passion and narrowness of party, the debates of the legislature have been distinguished by a keenness of argument and by a his equally gifted son, Dr. G. M. Dawson, as well as of many others, are well known in the parent state and wherever science has its votaries. In poetry we have the names of Frederick G. Scott, Pauline Johnson, Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archbishop O'Brien, Speaker Edgar, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Lampman and Wilfred Campbell, who merit a high place among their famous contemporaries. The historical novels of Major Richardson, William Kirby, Gilbert Parker,—notably "The Seats of the Mighty" and other works of the latter,—

show the rich materials our past annals offer for romance. "Sam Slick the Clockmaker," and other books by Judge Haliburton, a Nova Scotian by birth and education, are still the only noteworthy evidences we have of the existence of humour among a practical people, and his "Wise Saws" and "Sayings" were uttered fully half a century ago. In art we have L. R. O'Brien, George Reid, Bell Smyth, Robert Harris, J. W. L. Forster, W. Brymner, and Miss Bell, who have done much meritorious work. Yet, on the whole, if great works are wanting nowadays, the intellectual movement is in the right direction, and according as the intellectual soil of Canada becomes enriched with the progress of culture we may eventually look for a more generous fruition. The example of the United States, which has produced Poe, Longfellow, Irving, Hawthorne, Howells, Parkman, Lowell, Holmes, and many others, famous as poets, historians, and novelists the world over, should encourage Canadians to hope that in the later stages of its development the Canadian people, composed of two distinct nationalities, will prove that they inherit those literary instincts which naturally belong to the races from which they have sprung.

The political system under which the provinces are now governed is eminently adapted to the circumstances of the whole country.

In the working out of responsible government, won for Canada during the Queen's beneficent reign, there stand out, clear and well-defined, certain facts and principles which are at once a guarantee of efficient home government and of a harmonious co-operation between the dependency and the central authority of the empire.



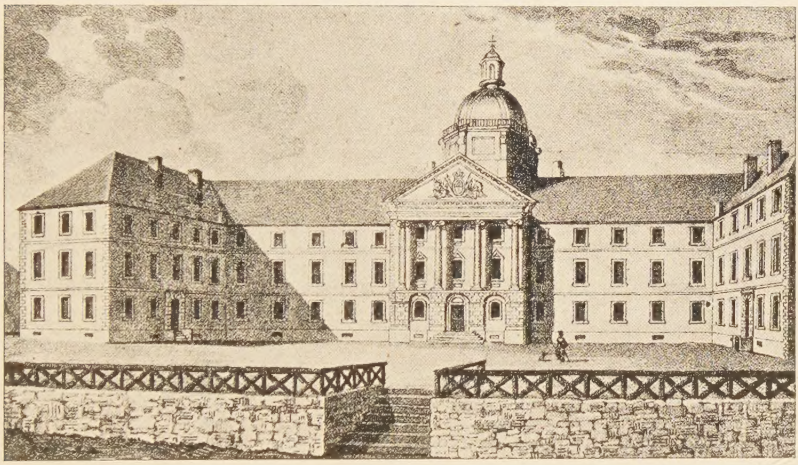
TORONTO UNIVERSITY—MAIN BUILDING, 1900.

1. The misunderstandings that so constantly occurred when the Queen ascended the throne, between the legislative bodies and the imperial authorities, and caused so much discontent throughout the provinces on account of the constant interference of the latter in matters which should have been left

exclusively to the control of the people directly interested, have been entirely removed in conformity with the wise policy of making Canada a self-governed country in the full sense of the phrase. These provinces are, as a consequence, no longer a source of irritation and danger to the parent state, but, possessing full independence in all matters of local concern, are now among the chief glories of England and sources of her pride and greatness.

2. The Governor-General, instead of being constantly brought into conflict with the political parties of the country and made immediately responsible for the continuance of public grievances, has gained in dignity and influence since he has been removed from the arena of public controversy. He now occupies a position in harmony with the principles that have given additional strength and prestige to the throne itself. As the legally accredited representative of the sovereign, as the recognized head of society, he represents what Bagehot has aptly styled the dignified part of our constitution, which has much value in a country like ours, where we fortunately retain the permanent form of monarchy in harmony with the democratic machinery of our government.

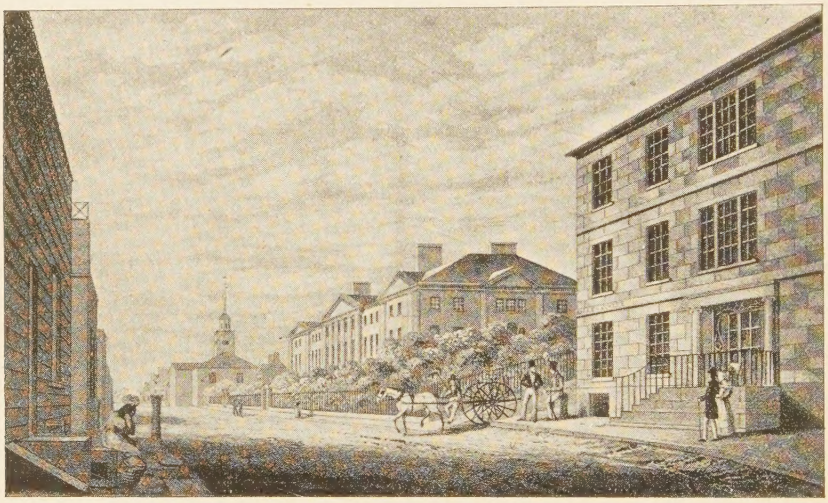
It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Governor-General is a mere *roi faineant,* a merely ornamental portion of our political system, to be set to work and kept in motion by the premier and his council. His influence, however, as Lord Elgin has shown, is wholly moral, an influence of suasion, sympathy, and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the aims of local politics. If the Governor-General is a man of parliamentary experience and constitutional knowledge, possessing tact and judgment, and imbued with the true spirit of his high vocation—and these functionaries have been notably so since the inception of Confederation—they can sensibly influence the course of administration and benefit the country at critical periods of its history. Standing above all party, having the unity of the empire at heart, a governor-



PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF LOWER CANADA, 1839.
—*From Hawkins' "Pictures of Quebec."*

general at times can soothe the public mind and give additional confidence to the country when it is threatened with some national calamity or there is distrust abroad as to the future. As an imperial officer he has large responsibilities, of which the general public have naturally no very clear idea, and if it were possible to obtain access to the confidential and secret despatches which seldom see the light except in the Colonial Office, it would be seen how much for a quarter of a century past the colonial department has gained by having had in the Dominion men, no longer acting under the influence of personal feeling through being made personally responsible for the conduct of public affairs, but actuated simply by a desire to benefit the country over which they preside and to bring Canadian interests into unison with those of the empire itself.

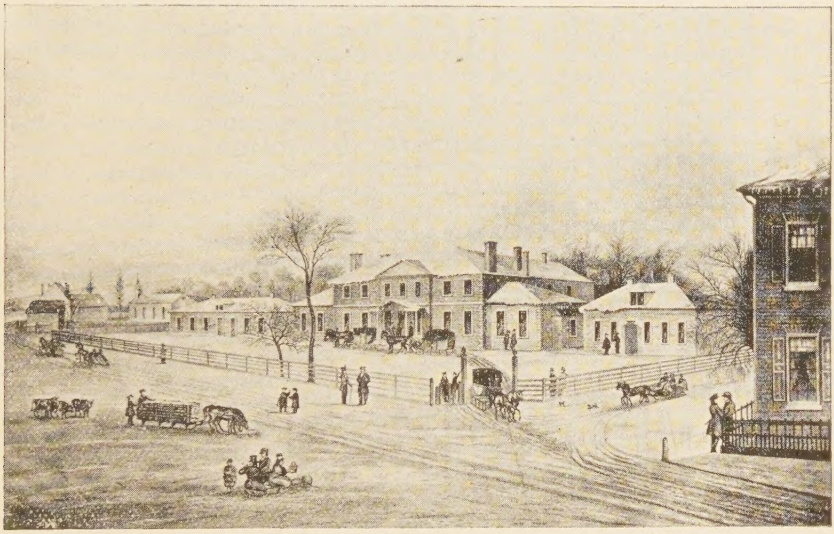
Self-government now exists in the full sense of the term. At the base of the political structure lie those municipal institutions which, for completeness, are not excelled in any other country. It is in the enterprising province of Ontario that the system has attained its greatest development. Every village, township, town, city, and county has its council composed of reeves or mayors and councillors or aldermen elected by the people, and having jurisdiction over all matters of local taxation and local improvement, in accordance with statutory enactments. Under the operation of these little local parliaments—the modern form taken by the folkmote of old English times—every community, regularly organized under the law, is able to build its roads and bridges, light the streets, effect sanitary arrangements, and even initiate bonuses for the encouragement of lines of railway.



PROVINCE HOUSE, HALIFAX, 1837–1900.
—*From McGregor's "British America," 1839.*

The machinery of these municipalities is made to assist in raising the taxes necessary for the support of public schools. Free libraries are provided for in every municipality whenever the people choose—as in the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, and other places—to

tax themselves for the support of these necessary institutions. In the other provinces the system is less symmetrical than in Ontario, but even in the French section, and in the maritime provinces, where these institutions have been more recently adopted, the people have within their power to manage all these minor local affairs which are necessary for the comfort, security, and convenience of the local divisions into which each province is divided for such purposes.



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, FREDERICTON, 1837.
—*From an old print.*

Another illustration of the growing importance of Canada in the councils of the empire is the fact that quite recently, in the jubilee year, a Canadian judge has been placed on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Supreme Court of Great Britain and Ireland, India, and all the dependencies of the crown.

From this brief historical summary of the leading features of the political organization of Canada it will be seen how remarkable has been the expansion of the liberties of the people since 1837, when they exercised no control over the executive, when England imposed restrictions on their trade, and officials of Downing Street were practically the governing powers.

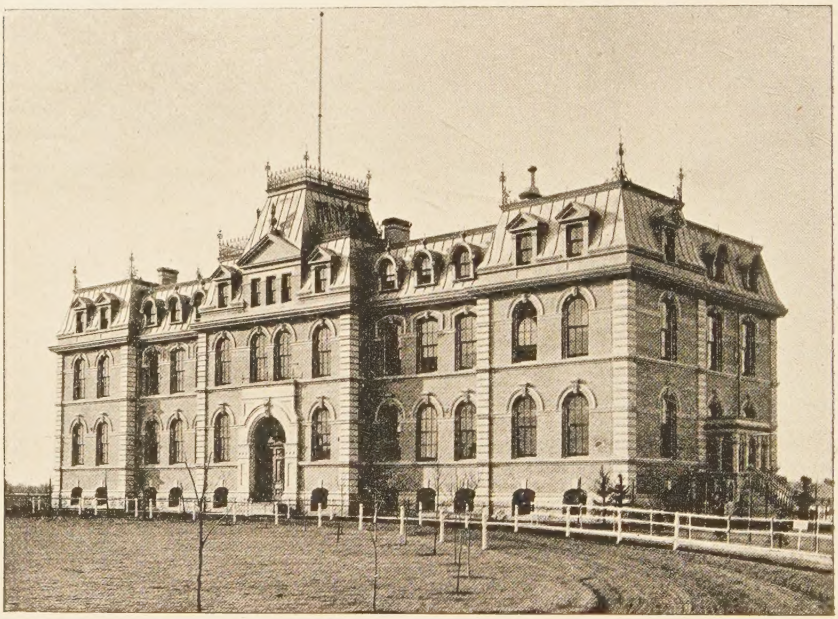
No doubt there are difficulties constantly occurring in the working of the Canadian federal constitution, arising from conflicts of jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces, despite the careful enumeration of powers in the fundamental law, or British North America Act of 1867; but these doubts are gradually being removed by the wise practice which places the interpretation of all written legal instruments in the courts.

Here also the wisdom and learning of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England and of the Canadian Judiciary are to a large extent nullifying the contentions of politicians and bringing about a solution of difficulties which, in a country divided between distinct nationalities, might cause

serious complications if not settled on sound principles of law which all can accept.

One of the most encouraging results of this political system has been not merely the material development of the country, but the creation of that national sentiment which must lie at the basis of any political structure, if it is to withstand the storm of passion and faction which from time to time will beat against its walls. The government of an immense country like Canada is surrounded by many difficulties which an Englishman or an American not thoroughly conversant with its history and conditions can hardly realize. The great extent of territory, and the diverse interests of the populations that inhabit it from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, require that there should be much wisdom and patience used in the exercise of the large responsibility which these circumstances throw upon the Government.

If we look at the map, we see lying on the Atlantic seaboard three provinces whose industries are chiefly maritime, and whose propinquity to the United States naturally gives great importance to the commercial arrangements which may exist with that country. These provinces are separated by many hundred miles from the populous, prolific province of Ontario, and all commercial intercourse must be by means of railroads, or by the long and expensive navigation of the St. Lawrence. To encourage interprovincial trade under these circumstances, and make the people see that their true interests should not lie in dependence upon the United States, or on any single country, but on opening up new avenues of commerce wherever practicable, has been the natural policy of the governments since 1867.



MANITOBA GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WINNIPEG, 1900.

The result has been on the whole

GOVERNMENT BUILDING, FREDERICTON, 1900.

moderately successful, considering that the fight has not been merely against geographical obstacles, but also against the antagonism exhibited by American politicians, ever since the repeal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854. The firmness with which the Government has adhered to the rights it possesses in the fisheries, and the liberality with which it has promoted maritime interests by the construction of railways and other public works necessary to the material development of the country, have succeeded in restraining the clamour that was raised for some years in the maritime provinces against the operation of the union.

The situation has still its difficulties; but there is every reason to believe that the national sentiment is largely predominant, and that the mass of the people clearly see that by strengthening the confederation they are assuring their true happiness and prosperity in the end, and that to weaken or destroy it by the withdrawal of any single province would mean the destruction of British interests on the continent and the annexation of Canada eventually to the United States. Then, leaving that branch of the subject, if we look at the distinct national elements that exist throughout Canada we have further evidence of the difficulties with which a government

has to contend in striving to achieve the unity and security of this widely extended confederation.

When the Canadian provinces were united, in 1840, the French Canadians were restive and uncertain of their future. The Act of Union was considered by many of them as an attempt to make them subservient to British influences. The elimination of their language from legislative records was to them a great grievance, because it was, in their opinion, a clear evidence of the spirit which lay at the basis of the union. As a matter of fact, however, the Union Act was a measure which, from the very outset, gave to Lower Canada a political superiority in the government of the whole country. The representation of the two provinces was equal in the assembly, but the greater unity that distinguished the French Canadians in all matters that might affect their political power, or their provincial interests, naturally enabled them to dominate the English parties, divided among themselves on so many political issues.

The French language was soon restored to its old place, and step by step all the principles that the popular party of Lower Canada had been fighting for previous to 1840 were granted—even an elective legislative council—under the new regime. The consequence was that French Canada eventually recognized its power, and its people forgot their old grievances and were ready to sustain the Union into which they had entered with doubt and apprehension. It was the English-speaking people of the West that now raised the clamour against French domination, when the representation granted in 1840 did not do justice to the increase of population in Upper Canada, where, since that year, the progress had been more rapid than in the French section. The consequence was that the two provinces, united in law, were practically divided on the floor of parliament, and government at last became almost impossible from the division of parties and the controlling influence of French Canada, always determined to yield nothing to the cry from the upper province that would destroy the equality of representation. The solution of the difficulties, arising, it will be seen, from national antagonism, was found in a federal union, under which Lower Canada obtained a supreme control over the provincial matters in which she has an immediate interest and at the same time has been able to exercise great influence in national affairs by means of her large representation in the Dominion parliament.

THE OUTCOME.

" There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood ;
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother.
There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world ;
When the cannons roar and the trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts, the battle-flags are furled,
When the bars of speech and creed and race which sever
Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

—*Sir Lewis Morris.*

THE SORROWS OF ARMENIA.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CAVEN, D.D.,

Principal of Knox College, Toronto.

ARMENIAN GIRLS AND MISSIONARY.

The boundaries of Armenia have varied at different periods, but, without attempting precision, it may be said to have the Caucasus on the North and the Mountains of Kurdistan on the South, the Caspian Sea on the East and Asia Minor on the West. It is a plateau, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, while the loftiest peak of Mount Ararat rises to the height of 17,000 feet. The great rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Araxes and Kur pour down their waters—the two former towards the Persian Gulf and the two latter towards the Caspian Sea. Armenia abounds in lakes, the largest of which are Van and Oroomiah. Much of the country is fertile, but its troubled history has prevented good cultivation. The main productions are grain, cotton, grapes and tobacco. Though the valleys are warm enough to ripen the grape, the general elevation of the land implies a severe climate in winter.

* By the courtesy of the Massey Press.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

HOSPITAL GATE, PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, OROOMIAH.—(PERSIAN ARMENIA.)

Armenia, or part of it, is known in the Bible as Ararat, Minni or Togarmah. The ark rested on the "mountains of Ararat." (Gen. viii. 4.) Isaiah, predicting the downfall of Babylon, hears "the noise of a multitude in the mountains" (Ch. xiii. 4); and Jeremiah summons against Babylon "the kingdoms of Ararat, Minni and Ashkenaz (Ch. xli. 27.) After killing their father, the sons of Sennacherib "escaped into the land of Armenia." The name Armenia is first found in a Persian inscription, about 500 B.C. Many suppose it to come from Har-Minni, *i. e.*, the Mountain of Minni; but the derivation is quite uncertain.

According to their own legendary history, in which ancient traditions are curiously combined with biblical lore, the Armenians are descended from Haik, a son of Togarmah, grandson of Japhet, who fled from the tyranny of Belus Assyria and settled in the country which now, in their language, bears his name. If Togarmah is Armenia, the Armenians in the time of Ezekiel traded with Tyre "in carriage-horses, riding-horses and mules" (Ch. xxvii. 14.)

Armenia has had a troubled history almost continuously. For brief periods now and then it enjoyed independence or quasi-independence; and it has been under the yoke of Assyria, Macedonia, Parthia, Rome and Persia. As early as the fourteenth century the Kurds began their depredations, and the country suffered from the cruelties of Timour. Since 1604 Armenia has had no separate political existence. It is at present divided between Turkey, Russia and Persia. Of the 4,000,000 or more Armenians, 2,500,000 are in the Turkish Empire, while more than 1,000,000 are under Russia. Armenians are found all round the Levant. In European Turkey there are said to be 400,000, of whom 200,000 are in Constantinople. There are several thousands of this active, trading people in India, and in England and America there are, perhaps, 15,000.

The Armenians have a language of their own, which belongs to the "Iranian branch of the Indo-Germanic family of languages." An admixture of Turkish and Persian has resulted from the conquest of the country. Their literature begins in the fourth century, and is

ARMENIAN WATER-CARRIERS.

exclusively Christian. After this period much literary activity was developed, and Armenian students were found in the principal European seats of learning. Some important writings, which are lost in the Greek originals, are preserved in Armenian translations. The names of Mesrob (who rendered the Scriptures into his native tongue), Moses of Chorene, etc., are familiar to students of Church history. In our own day the Armenians, though "peeled and scattered," show considerable literary productiveness, and are a bright and intelligent people.

Christianity was planted in Armenia in the third century. The Armenian Church has, indeed, claimed an earlier origin. The legendary account is that our Lord wrote a letter to Akbar, or Abgar, King of Edessa, to whom also He sent a portrait of Himself, and that the Church was founded in Armenia in A.D. 34. The real founder was Gregory the "Illuminator," a prince of the reigning family and a zealous missionary. The Armenians were included in the unity of the early Church, and took part in the first three general councils; but they declined, for some reason, to receive the decrees of Chalcedon, and thus became separated from the Greek Church, or rather from the Ecumenical body. The imputations of heresy touching the doctrine of the Lord's person made by the Greek and Latin Churches they steadfastly repel. The doctrine, discipline, ritual and polity of the Armenian Church are nearly identical with those of the Greek Church, though from the sixth century it has stood apart. There are the three orders of clergy—bishops, priests and deacons; and three episcopal grades—archbishop, bishop and vartabed or doctor. The patriarch or Catholicos is chief of the hierarchy. The priesthood is hereditary.

The great majority of the people belong to the Armenian Church, though both the Greek and Latin Churches have considerable numbers of adherents. Protestantism is mainly represented by the Missions of the American Board, which have been prosperous, and have also

ARMENIAN WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

reacted beneficially upon the native Church. The American missionaries have been remarkable for prudence and ability as well as for evangelical zeal.

The attention of the civilized world has been drawn to Armenia

by the terrible proceedings of Turks and Kurds in that afflicted land. Though Armenian Christians have been suffering from Turkish-Mohammedan oppressions almost constantly, the injustice and cruelty of the past have been thrown into the shade by recent atrocities.

In 1856 a hatti-sherif was issued by Turkey, guaranteeing religious liberty in the Ottoman Empire; but this famous edict has been a dead letter; for in that very year, and with little intermission ever since, persecution of Christians has been going on with more or less severity. Local outbursts of fanaticism may partly account for the sufferings of Christians, but the evidence is abundant that the Government, instead of protecting its Christian subjects from Kurds and Druses, has been well pleased to see them pillaged and slaughtered. Turkey cannot free herself from complicity in the massacres of Damascus, Lebanon and Cæsarea, any more than she can wash off the guilt of Bulgarian horrors.

More than five years ago Zekki Pasha, a prominent officer in the Turkish army, began to devastate Armenia. The report came to Europe that thousands of defenceless Armenians, men, women and children, had been killed by Turkish troops and by the marauding Kurds, who were organized by Turkey into cavalry regiments for the express purpose of joining in the bloody work. Many villages were said to be destroyed, and tens of thousands of people left without food or shelter. The report was at first received with an admixture of incredulity. Many influential journals espoused the side of the Turk or became his apologists—averring that the sufferings of the Armenians were much exaggerated, that one side was as blameworthy as the other, and that if some severity was used in chastising a people given to revolution and tumult, we need not expend a great deal of sympathy upon them.

The sources of our information as to proceedings in Armenia were too reliable to justify much doubt regarding the substantial truth of what came to our ears. The accounts received through missionaries, correspondents of newspapers, and official investigations by European powers placed before the eyes of Christendom scenes of horror, hardly to be surpassed in any age. The Turks resident among the Armenians, the Kurds from their neighbouring mountains, and the regular troops of Turkey, vied with each other in the atrocities perpetrated upon an unoffending people. Murder and pillage ran riot in almost every part of Turkish Armenia. One cannot even approximate with accuracy to the number of those shot, clubbed to death or hacked to pieces. Wholesale massacres occurred at Trebizond, Guran, Erzeroum, Bitlis, Sivas, Sassoun, Zeitoun, Kharpoot, and other important places. In some of these massacres several thousands perished. Hundreds of villages have been utterly destroyed, and great breadths of country desolated with fire and sword. No place of refuge from the destroyer could be found. Streets were littered with corpses, churches filled with slain, families despatched in their houses, pits filled with victims—often mutilated, sometimes quivering in death. Tens of thousands probably were slain, and hundreds of thousands became utterly destitute.

Why was all this butchery of a quiet, intelligent and enterprising people? The Turk informed us that he was subduing rebellion; and, in support of his assertion, pointed to the fact that in several instances the Armenians stood for their lives. But what should we think of a people who should not

even try to defend their homes against brutal barbarity and lust? The slander of their enemies represented the resistance offered by the Armenians—alas, too ineffectually—as organized rebellion against Turkey. Britons, we think, should be slow to condemn revolt against such a government, even should Armenia grasp the sword with all her might.

The explanation of these enduring atrocities, which threatened the extermination of a people, is found in the following things:—(1) Racial hatred. Of this both Turks and Kurds largely partake. They share, in this regard, the instincts of all rude peoples—nay, of all in

ARMENIAN WOMAN MAKING BUTTER.

whom humane sentiments are not developed by true religion. That Turks and Kurds should hate Armenians will not seem wonderful to those who remember that Englishmen used to speak of the French as their "natural enemies," and that a great naval hero told his sailors to "hate a Frenchman as they would hate Satan."

(2) The love of plunder is another motive in this case. For centuries the Kurds have been wont to swoop down from their mountains upon the Armenians and carry off their flocks and herds. The present was a special opportunity for securing booty of every kind, especially when the Government would regard all injury done to the Armenians as highly meritorious. But the evidence that the Turks—soldiers and citizens—were not less alert in plundering the Armenians is abundant. These murderers of men and women, old and young, were eager to appropriate what the fire had not consumed.

(3) But religious fanaticism, more than any other cause, must account for the frightful sufferings of Armenia. Mohammedanism always and everywhere hates Christianity with relentless hatred. Its whole history is proof. The sword or tribute is the option given to the conquered by the Koran. Only where the Moslem faith is under strict bonds, as in India, does its temper—even in the present day—seem milder; and in India its behaviour rather than its temper is improved. All Mohammedan doctors agree that the apostate from Islam should be put to death; and certainly the religious liberty guaranteed by Turkey to Christians has proved a delusion. It really appears as if Turkey were aiming at the extermination of Christians in Anatolia. The Kurds, who are Moslems after a sort, have been always encouraged to plunder and kill Armenians, and Turkish soldiery were employed in wholesale devastation and massacre. Mohammedanism had fine things to say of itself in the Parliament of Religion, but in its native seats it is a horrid combination of deceit, cruelty and lust.

The sympathies of Europe, and especially of Britain, have gone out strongly towards Armenia, and several of the great Powers were moved to intervene on its behalf. They made investigations of the facts. They addressed strong remonstrances to the Porte. Salisbury, in speeches and despatches, gave powerful expressions to the sentiments of Christendom. Warships of England, France and Russia lay

at the Dardanelles or passed into the Bosphorus. But the heartless and cunning Sybarite who rules Turkey only mocked the Powers by issuing pacific orders, which were not meant to be executed; for he well understands that the mutual jealousies of the European Governments made concerted, effective action on their part well-nigh hopeless; and he trusts to divide their counsels and play them off against each other.

We can but look up to the righteous and merciful Ruler of nations, and pray that He would arise, as in the days of old, for the protection of the oppressed and the defenceless. "If it had not been the Lord, who was on our side . . . then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us; then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul; then the proud waters had gone over our soul . . . our help is in the name of the Lord who hath made heaven and earth."

THE OLD LAND AND THE YOUNG LAND.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN,

Poet Laureate.

The Young Land said, "I have borne it long,
But can suffer it now no more;
I must end this endless inhuman wrong
Within hail of my own free shore.
So fling out the war-flag's folds and let the
righteous cannons roar."

'Twas a quick, rash word, for the strong Young Land
Is a Land whose ways are peace;
It weareth no mail, and its keels are manned
With cotton, and corn, and fleece.
While lands there are that live cased in steel,
and whose war-hammers never cease.

And these, when they saw the Young Land gird
Its loins to redress the wrong,
Whispered one to the other, "Its heart is stirred,
But its hosts are an undrilled throng,
And its bolts yet to forge; so quick, let us
strike before that it grows too strong."

And they said to the Old Land, "Surely you
Will help us to foil its claim?
It waxeth in strength, as striplings do,
And it girds at its parent's name.
Take heed lest its overweening growth over-
shadow your fading fame."

Then the Old Land said, "Youth is strong and quick,
And Wisdom is strong but mild;
And blood than water is yet more thick,
And this Young Land is my child.
I am proud, not jealous, to watch it grow."
Thus the Old Land spake, and smiled.

"And look you," it said, "at the strong Young Land
Strike for Freedom and Freedom's growth;
Which makes 'twixt us twain, though unsigned by hand,
A bond strong as lovers' troth.
So 'ware what you do, for, if you strike, you
will strike not one, but both."

Then they fretted and chafed; for, though shod in steel,
Their war-tread stops at the shore,
While the Old Land's breath is the breath of the gale,
And its music the wave-wind's roar.
Then they hated the Young Land's youth and strength, but they hated the Old Land more.

Now, the Old Land, in turn, for Freedom's cause
Speeds her sons to the Southern zone;
They snarl, "Let us clip the Lion's claws,
The Lion that stands alone;
And harry her lair, and spear her cubs, and
sit on the Lion's throne."

And the Young Land laughs: "With her foaming steeds fleet,
I guess she's a match for you all;
She hath saddled the sea, and more firm her seat
Than yours, that would ride for a fall,
If you put all your fighting force afield and
charge at her watery wall!

"But if ever, hemmed in by a world of foes,
Her sinews were sorely tried,
By the self-same blood in our veins that flows,
You would find me at her side,
So long as she strikes for the Cause for
which her sons and my sons have died."

And thus let it be until wrong shall end,
This bond strong as lovers' troth,
'Twixt Old Land and Young Land, to defend
Man's freedom, and freedom's growth;
So if any should band against either now,
they must meet not one but both!

—*The Speaker.*

SIDE-LIGHTS ON METHODISM.

*DISTURBING FORCES WHICH SEVERED THE UNION OF THE CANADIAN AND BRITISH CONFERENCES IN 1840.**

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

In the January number of this Magazine an article was presented containing observations based on interesting incidents drawn largely from Dr. Gregory's recently published book entitled "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism."

Another subject of special interest to Canadians referred to in this fascinating volume is the attitude of the British Conference towards the Canadian Conference over the "Clergy Reserves" and allied questions. The union of the two Conferences had been consummated in 1833, after the hostility of the Canadian Conference to the assumptions of the Church of England in Canada was fully understood. On the consummation of this union the High Church party in Canada endeavoured to make use of the Wesleyans of England to secure their long-sought ultimate object by adroitly making such representations as would lead the English Wesleyan Conference on patriotic, as well as other grounds, to assume control over the policy of the Canadian Conference on this question. The tension kept increasing year by year. Finally there developed a total divergence of opinion between the two Conferences on fundamental points. The crisis took place in 1840, when the Revs. William and Egerton Ryerson, the deputation from Canada, appeared before the British Conference. The immediate occasion of the dispute was in connection with a certain grant of money made by the Canadian Government to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, but that was only a mere incident in the affair, as far deeper questions lay behind. I here quote from "Side Lights":

DEBATE IN THE BRITISH CONFERENCE ON CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

In his address before the British Conference Dr. Ryerson was "strongly in favour of the continued acceptance of the grant, especially as a check to the claims of the clergy, and as a practical protest against the assumptions in Canada of a dominant Church." During his speech, Mr. E. Ryerson was repeatedly interrupted by Dr. Bunting, against which interference he and his brother besought the protection of the chair. Some irritating language had been used. Mr. Galland moved, and Mr. Fowler seconded, a string of resolutions on the subject, prefaced by an expression of respect for the Canadian brethren, and a hope that in future discussion all intemperance of language would be avoided.

Dr. Beaumont: "I think the censures on Mr. Ryerson should be qualified."

The President: "Have we not heard enough on this subject?" ("Side-Lights," p. 291.)

Mr. W. M. Bunting, son of Dr. Bunting, opposed the dissolution of the union, not because the Canadians were right in their contentions against a State Church in Canada, but because the Canadians themselves needed British connections in order to teach them loyalty, and thus save them from becoming Yankee Republicans. I here quote from Mr. Fowler's Notes:

* "Side-Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism during the Second Quarter of the Nineteenth Century, 1827–1852." Taken chiefly from the Notes of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler. By the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., President of the Conference 1879. Cassell & Co., London, 1898. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Dr. Alder: "The union has been of great service to Canada, and if dissolved the blame must be imputed to the *Guardian* newspaper."

Mr. Lord: "Politics have been the bane of Wesleyan Methodism in Canada. There can be no quiet in the land while the *Guardian* supplies the Sunday reading of our people in Canada. It is a most able and popular publication, with a large circulation amongst our ministers and people."

It was proposed, "That the allegations against Mr. Ryerson are proved."

Dr. Beaumont: "But there were extenuating circumstances."

Dr. Bunting drew up a resolution from which Dr. Beaumont disagreed.

Dr. Bunting: "I am for separation. . . If not you must appoint a new Canadian Committee. But I will not be a member. I must be excused from spending any more energy on the union business."

Mr. Dixon: "We shall be better without the connection, and they will do better without us."

Dr. Alder: "Unhappily in this case it is our principles that are at stake. With the prevailing party in Upper Canada, whose organ is the *Guardian*, the mission of Methodism is not to cry, 'Ye must be born again,' but they think they are called to lay the foundations of political government."

Mr. Haswell: "If only for the sake of future emigrants from this country to Canada, I would have the union maintained."

On the very last day of the Conference, when most of the members had left, the resolutions of the Committee were moved and seconded in Conference.

Dr. Ryerson: "I will keep my feelings within my own bosom; but I do entirely dissent from the resolutions. I have not been permitted to look at them, but have subjected myself to a mortifying refusal by asking to do so. . . The Canadian Conference will claim the privilege to exercise their judgment on all and every point not included in the doctrinal standards or the constitutional regulations of Wesleyan Methodism. You require that the Conferences in Canada shall receive through you the Government grant, even if paid from Canadian property. This seems to us unjust, and even inconsistent. You have no business with the Clergy Reserves. Mr. Stinson (the General Superintendent of Missions, who was sent out by the Wesleyan Conference) himself stated that he would defend everywhere our right to deal with Canadian money voted for Canadian purposes."

Here Mr. Ryerson was interrupted by Dr. Bunting: "The money from the Clergy Reserves will be applied by the Mission House to missionary purposes, for the benefit of the aborigines."

Dr. Ryerson: "This is no answer at all. The Mission House *in London* can have no power to divert the land reserves from the purpose for which they were expressly *reserved*, namely the religious instruction and oversight of the *settlers* themselves. This is beyond your power, as well as beyond your right. We have no objection to your receiving the grant; but not in such a way as would imply that *you* are the Methodist Church in *Canada*."

Dr. Bunting: "We cannot let the Connexion be committed to the violation of principles which the Conference has affirmed."

Mr. Galland expressed "the feelings of respect entertained by the Committee with regard to the brothers Ryerson."

Dr. Ryerson: "We regard these resolutions as a virtual dissolution of the union. This Conference is the parent of Canadian Methodism; but the preachers in Canada are not now in their minority."

Dr. Bunting: "I agree with very much that Mr. Ryerson has said, but I think the union is a perfect *ignis fatuus*. Will the Canadian Conference maintain the like relations to the English Church in Canada to those which are maintained by the British Conference to the Establishment in England?"

Mr. J. Ryerson: "In the Old Country an Established Church is good: it is not suitable to ours." (Mr. Fowler here makes a mistake in the initial. It was William, and not John, Ryerson who was the delegate on this occasion.)

Mr. Naylor moved, seconded by Mr. W. M. Bunting, "That the separation do not take place." The latter gave his reason as follows: "I am unwilling to throw them into the arms of what the Bishop of Exeter foresees with sagacity, and I fear with too much truth—Puseyism, or to buttress up American institutions in British dominions." . . .

Dr. Alder: "I lament the haste manifested by the Conference. The decision will be most important."

The vote was—for immediate dissolution, 38; for postponement, 13.

Dr. Gregory adds, "The decision of this matter of grave and far-reaching moment was made by not over one-seventh

of the Conference," which closed two hours later. Mr. Fowler says, "I believe not more than thirty of the one hundred were present when the Journal was signed." ("Side-Lights," pp. 292–294.)

THE COMBATANTS.

This debate is interesting from the meeting, in open field, of two great ecclesiastical gladiators, Drs. Bunting and Ryerson, with the odds considerably against the latter.

"Before ever having been heard, both the Canadian Conference and its representatives had been virtually condemned by the British Conference, or rather by the Canadian section of its Missionary Committee. The Canadian Conference was practically condemned as delinquent, and its representatives as ecclesiastical criminals—receiving not the least indication of respect or recognition from the President and leading members of the British Conference." ("Epochs of Methodism," by Dr. Ryerson, *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1881, vol. xiii., p. 409.)

Dr. Bunting for many years had been supreme in the British Conference as the prince of debaters. With perhaps the exception of Dr. Beaumont he had no competitor. After his argument on any subject he had long been accustomed to see his foes vanquished and the field deserted. But now he met another Samson worthy of his steel. As Dr. Hodgins, editor of Ryerson's "Story of my Life" (p. 281), says in reference to Dr. Ryerson on this very occasion:

"He was no novice in public or ecclesiastical affairs. He had been trained for fifteen years in a school of resistance, almost single-handed, to ecclesiastical domination, and had detected and exposed intrigues—one of which was of parties in this conflict, which was entirely derogatory to the dignity and independence of Methodism in Canada."

But "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." Though the Committee had refused to allow Dr. Ryerson even to see the resolutions which it had adopted, in which himself and brother were condemned, and while greatly handicapped in other respects, yet from the massive way in which he could arrange his facts, and fuse and present his arguments with almost overwhelming power, it makes no Canadian surprised to read from Mr. Fowler's Notes the following remarks made by Dr. Bunting: "Of all the Conferences I have ever attended this has given me the most trouble. I will have nothing more to do with this case for ever. Nothing shall ever compel me to have anything more to do with it."

CAUSES OF DIVISION.

The causes of the differences between the two Conferences are, after this lapse of time, easily explained.

(1) In the mind of the British Conference, or rather of the London Missionary Committee, union with the Canadian Conference meant virtual subordination on the part of the latter; in fact all that used to be implied to an Englishman in the word "Colonial." The Canadian Conference, on the other hand, had not the remotest thought of any other union but that of equals, having co-ordinate authority in Canadian affairs, except where the contrary should be plainly expressed in the Articles of Union.

(2) The British authorities expected that when it practically sent out instructions to the Canadian Conference to find Dr. Ryerson guilty of certain matters of which they complained that there was only one course to pursue, namely, find the complaint sustained, and apply a suitable remedy or punishment. They were simply amazed when they found, on the contrary, that the Conference emphatically declined to do so by a majority of fifty-one.

(3) Another cause which made the union of 1833 "a hollow truce" was the difference in the minds of

the two Conferences as to the expediency of a State-endowed Church in Canada. The English Conference had no objection to such an establishment, and, further, was perfectly willing that that dominant Church should be the Church of England. Evidence of this fact is in official documents. The Canadian Methodists, on the contrary, abhorred such a proposal, and battled against it for a quarter of a century, till victory was obtained.

(4) A further cause was the belief of the British authorities that the General Superintendent of Missions sent out by the English Missionary Society represented the English Conference in the sense of being an executive officer of that body, on any subject on which it might choose to make a deliverance. Dr. Gregory ("Side-Lights," p. 295), referring to Dr. Stinson, says that the General Superintendent (of Missions) "soon found himself in danger of being transferred from the quarter-deck to the bowsprit, as not the captain but the figure-head. This did not suit the British constitution." The implication here is that this Superintendent of Missions had proper authority vested in him to give general orders on any policy decided upon by the London Missionary Committee. As a matter of fact the President of the Conference and the General Superintendent of Missions officially communicated with the Governor-General, unknown to the Canadian Conference, and in direct opposition to its declared policy for the previous twenty years. By the Articles of Union (Minutes of Conference, 1833, pp. 12 to 16) no such power was given, or implied, to either of these officers. All questions lying outside the Articles of Union were considered by the Canadian Conference as within its exclusive jurisdiction. But it seems this "did not suit the British constitution."

(5) Another cause was the fact that the British Conference would not continue the union while they could not secure what they called "efficient direction," but which is only a milder phrase for "absolute control." The Canadian Conference admitted no control on any subject save those directly referred to in the Articles of Union. The subject of the Clergy Reserves was not hinted at there, and it was considered absurd that the attempt to control the policy of the Canadian Church on this question should be made by a body respecting a matter which from its distance and environments it could not fully understand, and in which it had no vested interest.

WHAT DOES THE TERM "POLITICS" MEAN?

(6) A further cause of disunion was on the definition of the word "politics." Dr. Gregory ("Side Lights," p. 294) says:

> "It seems impossible to read this memorable debate without agreeing with the ministers who knew most about the case, that the union of the Methodists of Upper Canada with the British Conference was wrecked upon the treacherous, shifting, sucking sands of worldly politics. This was the deliberate and firm conviction of Mr. Lord and Dr. Alder, who had lived and laboured in the country."

Dr. Alder had visited Canada several times, though Mr. Lord had only been parts of two years in the land. But the question arises, which "ministers knew most about the case"—the British visiting ministers or those Canadian-born? Dr. Alder at the Hamilton Conference of 1839 "introduced resolutions expressive of his views, to which he insisted upon the concurrence of the Conference." His resolutions were rejected by a majority of fifty-five to five. Afterwards Dr. Ryerson said to him, when he appeared to be disappointed and depressed,

"You see, Dr. Alder, how inapplicable your views are to this country—how entirely you have mistaken the state of Canadian society, the views and feelings of the Methodist people, and of our Connexion. (*Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1880, vol. xii., p. 513.) These, and not the two mentioned by Dr. Gregory, were the "ministers who knew most about the case."

It is significant that when Dr. Gregory says the union was "wrecked on the sucking sands of worldly politics," and quotes Mr. Lord and Dr. Alder to support the statement, that he leaves out the opinions and actions of Drs. Stinson and Richey, both of whom were likewise members of the British Conference, and who certainly knew as much about the case as the two brethren quoted, if not more. Dr. Stinson, under date of April 7th, 1838, wrote to Rev. John Ryerson as follows:

"I am quite of your opinion that Brother Egerton (Ryerson) ought to take the *Guardian* next year. There is a crisis approaching in our affairs which will require a vigorous hand to wield the defensive weapon of our Conference. There can be no two opinions as to whom to give that weapon. We now stand on fair grounds to maintain our own against the encroachments of the oligarchy, and we must do it, or sink into a comparatively uninfluential body. This must not be." (*Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1880, vol. xii., p. 515.)

This was the opinion of the representative of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee in 1838, two years before the disruption of the union, on the question of the *Guardian* engaging in "worldly politics," took place. Messrs. Richey and Stinson voted for Dr. Ryerson as Editor, knowing full well his sentiments, for he took care to announce them to the Conference previous to his election. By the aid of these British ministers he was elected purposely to resist the "encroachments of the oligarchy."

DR. BUNTING ON CANADIAN "POLITICS."

On this very subject of "politics" Dr. Ryerson, in 1833, while before the English Wesleyan Committee when the Articles of Union were under consideration, fully explained the position of Canadian Methodists. He entirely satisfied the Committee, not only of the reasonableness and legality of their claims, but also of the propriety and expediency of the methods they adopted to secure them. On this point Dr. Bunting afterwards remarked to the Conference:

"Although he deprecated political intermeddling with merely party and secular politics amongst professing Christians, and especially among Christian ministers, and considered it unworthy of their character and calling, he believed the part the Canadian Conference had taken was a laudable maintenance of their rights, sanctioned by the highest authority, and the opinions of members of His Majesty's government; and that the Canadian brethren, as a body, any more than individuals, were not bound to submit silently to unjust exclusions, or to desist from maintaining in a constitutional and Christian manner their claims to privileges and advantages, to the possession and enjoyment of which they are so justly and legally entitled." (*Canadian Methodist Magazine*, 1881, vol. xiii., p. 120.)

Thus Dr. Bunting fully agreed with the Canadian Methodist "politics" in 1833, and stated the whole case most succinctly. It is true he retrograded from this position in 1840, but returned to it at the subsequent reunion in 1847.

WHAT THE BRITISH CONFERENCE DEMANDED.

The Canadians meant by the term "politics" secular party politics, but expressly excluded the "Clergy Reserve" question from that list, which they considered was not a question of politics but of equal

civil rights to all. The English Conference characterized any arguments or discussions editorially or otherwise in the *Guardian*, in opposition to the claims of the Church of England in Canada to be entitled solely to the use or profit of one-seventh of all the lands of Upper Canada, as "politics." The definition having thus been settled, the Canadian Conference was required to cease using the columns of the *Christian Guardian* for the discussion of "politics." If the policy of the London Wesleyan Committee had prevailed, doubtless one-seventh of the lands of Ontario would be in the possession of the Church of England at the present moment. The crucial point of the whole question is revealed in Dr. Bunting's attempt at the Conference of 1840 to exact a solemn promise from the Canadian delegates that henceforth and forever the Canadian Methodists would maintain the like relations with the Church of England in Canada to those maintained by the Wesleyans in England towards the Establishment. He was either quite unconscious of the profound antipathy with which Canadian Methodists would receive this proposal, or he was determined to force submission, with the alternative of dissolving the union, which would bring in its train all the bitterness, strife and heart-burnings arising from rival Methodist preachers occupying the same ground in Canadian towns and villages.

DID DR. RYERSON EVER REGRET HIS COURSE?

Our author (p. 295) proceeds to say:

"This question I had the opportunity of thoroughly discussing with Dr. Ryerson himself, a generation later, at the Conference of 1876. As he then looked at it through the ærial perspective of six-and-thirty years, and the softening, mellowing haze of holy, tender memories, with the eyes of a chastened, long experience, he saw that he had been entangled in the errors of self-confident, impatient youth."

As to his "youth," Dr. Ryerson was then thirty-seven years of age, and with an experience equal to most men double that of his years. If Dr. Gregory means by the above extract that Dr. Ryerson ever regretted the part he had taken on the *principle* of the question at issue either before the British Conference or anywhere else, I must respectfully dissent from his opinion. It is probably the first time such a reference has been made in print, on either side of the Atlantic, and from his published writings on this very subject subsequent to his interview with Dr. Gregory, the inference is quite incredible. Of course after thirty-six years, when the battle had been fought and won, when the whole country was in peace, and himself held in the highest honour for his patriotic labours; when the question itself was long dead; when the militant spirit was out of him simply because there was no legitimate occasion for its exercise, and himself in an amiable, mellow and complaisant mood—that he should express regret for the warmth or strength of some statements made in the heat of debate, or the impulsiveness of some of his methods thirty-six years before, would be most natural, but these relate to the "accidents," and not to the "essence" of the question involved. The "errors" in which he had been "entangled" could only be those of the manner of discussion, and not in respect to the principle he sought to establish.

Dr. Gregory further says: "It would, I think, have been better to give the Ryersons another year to think about it. This would at least have thrown on them the responsibility of the division." The Canadian Conference would cer-

tainly have taken the responsibility, when once the members learned the great price demanded. Not another year, nor a dozen of them, would have produced on the main question the slightest result in the direction desired by the English authorities. The truth is, it was impossible for the Canadian Conference or people to fit into the mould prepared for them, no doubt with the best intentions, by the English Missionary Committee, and therefore the sooner the union was dissolved the better for all parties concerned.

PROOFS OF HIS CONSISTENT, LIFE-LONG CONVICTIONS.

In corroboration of the statements made above as to Dr. Ryerson's subsequent attitude on the question I will quote two short paragraphs. But first I will reproduce a few sentences delivered by him in closing his five hours' speech to the special Canadian Conference called in 1840, after the union was dissolved:

"I fear that I have injured myself, and injured this Connexion, and I fear this Province, not by my obstinacy, but by my concessions. This is my sin, and not the sins laid to my charge. . . We have surveyed every inch of the ground on which we stand: We have offered to concede everything but what appertains to our character, and to our existence and operations as a Wesleyan Methodist Church. The ground we occupy is Methodistic, is rational, is just. The very declarations of those who leave us attest this. They are compelled to pay homage to our character as a body; they cannot impeach our doctrines, or discipline, or practice; nor can they sustain a single objection against our principles or standing; the very reasons which they assign for their own secession are variable, indefinite, personal or trivial. But the reasons which may be assigned for our position are tangible, are definite, are Methodistic, are satisfactory, are unanswerable." ("Story of My Life," p. 276.)

The extract to which I refer above was occasioned by the demand of the English Conference contained in a resolution that Dr. Ryerson should write a certain style of letter to Lord John Russell in express opposition to his well-known, long-repeated and publicly avowed opinions. Here is Dr. Ryerson's note on that resolution, written by him in 1880. "The requirement of this resolution was that Mr. Egerton Ryerson, without regard to consistency or character, should advocate what he knew to be wrong, and to state what he knew to be false." (*Canadian Methodist Magazine,* 1881, vol. xiii., p. 414.)

The other quotation was occasioned by the implication in the resolution of the Committee above referred to, and introduced to Conference, that while the Conference had a grievance against the Canadian Methodist Church, yet on the ground of teaching loyalty to the Canadians, for that reason, if for no other, the union should be preserved. Here are Dr. Ryerson's remarks thereon, written in 1880:

"The insinuation implied was as offensive as it was unjust. There never was a body more loyal to the Constitution of Upper Canada, and its connection with the Mother Country, than the Conference and members of the Methodist Church in Canada, as shown in the war of the United States against Great Britain in 1812–15, and in the W. L. Mackenzie Rebellion in 1837. For such men, and a whole community, to be impeached in their loyal character by a committee in London, not one of whom had ever smelt powder on the field of battle, and knew nothing of the stuff of which true loyalty is made, except to prate about it on occasions for partisan purposes, was alike offensive and unjust. After the lapse of twoscore years, and approaching myself my fourscore years, I can scarcely think of these imputations, from such sources, and for such purposes, without a thrill of indignation pervading my whole being, or write about them in terms of moderation." (*Canadian Methodist Magazine,* 1881, vol. xiii., p. 413.)

These words were written forty years after the events occurred, and

four years subsequent to Dr. Gregory's interview with him, and certainly do not contain the slightest admission that on the question at issue he had previously been "entangled in the errors of self-confident, impatient youth." Besides, as he had no possible occasion for regret, why should he do so? His Church and country were satisfied, and even Dr. Bunting had become a renewed convert, for at the Wesleyan Conference, at the re-union of the Canadian and English Conferences in 1847, Dr. Bunting entirely endorsed the consistent action of the Canada Conference in all this painful and protracted business, saying "the Canadian brethren are right and we are wrong." ("Story of my Life," p. 280.)

Happily these days are over, but as the centuries roll by ecclesiastical gratitude and Canadian national glory will continue to adorn the brow of the hero through whose struggles chiefly were procured for his native land equal religious rights forever.

Guelph, Ont.

THE WOLVES.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be:
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

BETAKE THYSELF TO PRAYER.

When bitter winds of trouble blow,
And thou art tossing to and fro,
When waves are rolling mountain high,
And clouds obscure the steadfast sky,
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there,
Betake thyself, my soul, to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,
So weary of the commonplace,
Of days that wear the self-same face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brims thy cup with sparkling joy,
When happy tasks the hours employ,
When men with praise and sweet acclaim
Upon the highways speak thy name,
Then soul, I bid thee have a care,
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer.

If standing where two pathways meet,
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,
Thou art in doubt which road to take,
Look up, and say, "For Thy dear sake,—
O Master! show Thy footprints fair,—
I'd follow Thee." Christ answers prayer.

The tempter oft, with wily toil,
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;
His weapons never lose their edge,
But thou art Heaven's peculiar pledge.
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there,—
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer.

BARBE-JULIE DE KRUDENER.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE MILTON HAMMELL, PH.D.

I.

There are men and women who belong to the Elite of History—incarnations of choicest ethic and intellectual forces, capable of overturning odious tyrannies, establishing grateful sovereignties of social justice, and propagating impulses of aggressive courage. They hold keys of kingdoms, opening doors of duty and destiny. In the grand unity of the human race they are the italicized words—the eyes of the face—the signature of the melody. They guide; others follow. They create; others criticise or imitate. To them the riddle of the age is an open secret, and the merit of its solution belongs to them. They are powers under thrones, back of thrones and against thrones. They realize their energy, but cannot always gauge it.

In the realm of commerce they are the "kings"—the organizers of labour, the capitalists, the rich. In the domain of politics they are the far-sighted statesmen who dictate issues and prescribe policies; and in the sphere of religion they are the priests and prophets who minister to conscience and induct souls into the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Sometimes they wear double and triple crowns, whose jewels flash far fairer than those that gleam in the diadem of a Victoria, and dominate an empire composite of interdependent, intersphering zones, as did the "saintly friend of Emperor Alexander, the prophetess of the downfall of Napoleon, the inspirer of the Holy Alliance, the repentant Magdalen who preached the forgiveness of sins throughout the length and breadth of Europe"—Madame Barbe-Julie de Krudener.

Sainte-Beuve says of her in his "Essays on Men and Women," "Those who seriously believe in the intervention of Providence in the affairs of this world should not judge too superciliously the mission and the attempt of Madame de Krudener. It is certain that 1815 was a decisive epoch, and to religious minds it may well have appeared that the crisis was grave enough to demand a mystical witness and a prophet. Madame de Krudener herself was not so much deceived about the importance of 1815 as about its anticipated consequences. In these moments of universal crepitation, it may, I fancy, occasionally come to pass that rapid glimpses of the ideal hidden behind this sensible cosmos are revealed to the eyes of some, causing such to believe its advent near. But the rift soon closes, and the eye which for one instant had seen clear and far, still believing in the vanished radiance, is deceived and filled with its own light only.

"The mistake of Madame de Krudener has been the misfortune of many souls. It was merely that of conceiving at a certain awful and critical juncture in human affairs, the blessed solution which a truly great man might have effected. But the great man did not appear, and the prophet of his mission remained a simple visionary."

True to his office as a literary critic, Saint-Beuve regarded Madame de Krudener's most distinguished, if not sole, service to hu-

* "Portraits de Femmes." Sainte-Beuve, Paris, 1832-9. "Vie de Mme. de Krudener," Ch. Euyard, Paris, 1849. "Leben Frau von Krudener," Steinberg, Leipsic, 1856. "Juliane von Krudener," Ziethe, New York, 1867. "Life and Letters of Barbe-Julie de Krudener," Ford, New York and London, 1893.

manity, the production of a romance —"Valerie"—and he ignores those other achievements which the historian records. In fact, the Madame herself almost repudiated the products of her pen; she was far more than a novelist—she was a factor in the political and religious history of modern Europe, and her name is vital to the completeness of any record of European diplomacy and continental revivalism.

Of her career as the political and religious *confidante* of an Emperor, the author a colossal political scheme, and the sensational preacher of a crusade of chastity, asceticism and orthodoxy, her early life gave no forecast. Resembling Marie Bashkirtseff (she was also a Russian by birth), her life for a score of years after her girlhood was a revel of moral eccentricities of which one may think, but never speak, unless with tears in the voice. She loved Nature, Art, Literature, Music, the Drama and "Society"—above all, "Society." Her aesthetic life was full and brilliant, but she resented the strictures and restraints of the moral law, and, at last, committed the sin that fastened the scarlet "A" upon her soul.

In 1804, after the publication of her "Valerie"—an autobiographical novel suggested by her career in Venice as the wife of an ambassador—and the decease of her husband, the Baron de Krudener, with whom she had not lived for many years, she returned to her childhood home in Riga, among the scenes that she had so graphically described: "the solitude of the sea, its vast silence and stormy activity, the uncertain flight of the kingfisher, the melancholy cry of the birds that inhabit our northern regions, the sad, tender light of our aurora borealis."

Here, to quote one of her own aphorisms, her past proved her truest friend by breaking with it; and she, so uniquely dowered, so strenuously devoted to sensuous and sensual life, passed without clear premonition through a spiritual crisis from which she emerged as a Nineteenth Century disciple of Jesus Christ—"the friend and comforter of the poor, the religious guide of queens and emperors, and the preacher and founder of one of the most curious revivalist movements of the century."

True, in the midst of her marital infidelities, literary pursuits, theatricals, escapades and eccentricities, she seems to have had paroxysms of regret, but she too easily lapsed. Yes, there even seems to have been a "conversion"—a conversion of 1792 which presaged the conversion of 1804:—"No more useless intercourse, no more superfluous vanity, or exhaustive coquetry, no more intense longing to succeed! I have shone, and I wish neither for the successes nor the anxieties of that brilliant society." "The craving for conquests, the delirium of vanity has all become fused in a calm tranquillity of soul."

Twelve years elapse; she again abandons society and again attains "tranquillity of soul"; but there is a new and a loftier element in the conversion. In a letter written at the time she says, "You have no notion of the happiness which I gain from this holy and sublime faith. I go like a child to be enlightened and consoled, to rejoice and confide in my merciful Saviour. You will feel that man cannot be happy either in this world or the in the next without Jesus Christ." Evidently the transformation of 1804 was of quite another type from that of 1792—it was Divine Union, produced by a vision of the Son of God, and producing spiritual and ethical affinity with him. The history of this event is not, perhaps, unique; it was devoid of convulsive emotions or physical agonies, and is paralleled in the spiritual biography of any Christian who has once been

a devotee of the tyrannic society-god.

Depressed by the demise of her husband and the exile which it necessitated, the instantaneous death of a friend in her presence just after salutations had been exchanged, focussed her remorse, and she suddenly perceived the self-destructive viciousness of a course of life which flippant French society had so lightly pronounced only the pardonable aberration of a beautiful woman; and, unable to eliminate from her mind the dread of an ultimate judgment-act of God which should fix her eternal destiny, lost hope. Gaiety of spirit lapsed into dejection, and vanity into despair. But the agent of light was not far distant; and again, as often before and since, an obscure follower of Christ, whose immutable confidence in his Bible and his Saviour was his supreme characteristic and perpetual solace, became the bearer of the message which dispelled the clouds that had gathered in terror above an intellect superior to his own, and a spirit whose possibilities of achievement were larger than he could conceive—a Moravian shoemaker, became the tutor of this friend of Constant, Richter, and Chauteaubriand, this brilliant novelist, this sparkling jewel of the Parisian salon !

Three years of simple Christian life had passed away before that event occurred which began a new period of unique aspiration and activity.

In 1807 she made a tour among the various Moravian communities —Herrnhut, of course, where John Wesley had come nearly seventy years before to receive fuller instruction in the religion of the heart—and, seeking knowledge of a maturer piety, went to Carlsruhe, where she met Jung Stilling. " From the instant of her becoming a member of the Stilling household," says Ford, "she was launched on the deep waters of mysticism in which all the remaining years of her life were destined to be spent."

Hitherto her religious life had consisted of prayer, hymn-singing, Bible-reading for devotional ends, and acts of charity; she now learned that a much larger and more complex development was possible—and, not only possible, but essential. There were deeper communings attainable by the devout soul; more intense joy, culminating in wordless ecstasies; mystic meanings of Scripture to be discerned; and, above all, she, as a disciple of Jesus Christ, was to be prepared for the immediate advent and personal reign of her Lord."

Mysticism ! I am aware that mysticism is under the ban, but I am also aware that, even in certain churches of a bastard type, " experimental religion " is banned. Madame de Krudener did not specifically resent the charge of being a mystic, but if, as Vinet says, " mysticism annihilates obedience," she was not a mystic, for she aspired to obey Jesus Christ as the absolute autocrat of her heart and life; and endeavoured to introduce in the political, commercial, religious and social life of Europe an element of implicit submission to the will of Jesus Christ as the Lord of life.

There is an audacity of the reformer whch may be insolence ; and there is an audacity which is courage; hers was the audacity of that faith in the Ideal which is heroism. A false Church and a hostile State united in branding her a " mystic," but her friend, Martin Boos, the story of whose heroic, holy Protestant life in the Church of Rome has been related by Johannes Gossner, said, " If that which Christ, Peter and Paul have preached is mysticism, then am I a mystic, for I have always endeavoured to teach only that which they taught."

These words of the simple Ger-

man parish priest, persecuted for truth's sake, express the thought that lay in the mind of the friend and directress of Alexander. She avowed that her only ambition was to reproduce the spirit of the Son of Man. That she did not realize her own ideal of Christ-life is confessed. Instead of affiliating with the unctuous and wily Fontaine, and the telepathic prophetess, Maria Kummrin, it would have been wiser had she co-operated with the unselfish Oberin. But Fontaine seemed to possess a more radical and uncompromising programme of social reform, and Madame de Krudener had become radical and uncompromising.

Eager to reorganize human life according to a scheme of Christian communism, proposed by Fontaine and endorsed by the inspired Kummrin, the Madame invested large sums of money in the establishment of a colony in Wurtemberg, but the sovereign of the little realm became suspicious—his crown was in danger—and she was advised to try her plans of social regeneration elsewhere. Obeying the royal behest, she went to Baden, and, abandoning her purpose to reconstruct the social fabric, found congenial society in a circle, to which, as the widow of an ambassador, she had the *entree*. Perhaps she was a communist, a socialist—but she was a Christian, as Baron de Norvins said, "who had taken the Bible literally." Her programme may have been false, but her principles were true.

At this juncture she became acquainted with the works of Madame Guyon and Archbishop Fenelon, and, promptly accepting their doctrines, was elevated to the summits of the inspired life, unfolding the will of God and predicting the future. For, whatever her subjective state, it was neither her custom nor desire to withdraw from the "market or the caucus and betake herself to solitary life." She rather considered that her duty was to establish, or restore, right relations between the world and God.

"I have been repeatedly detained by important business," she writes, "and I have felt strongly that my work was not finished. . . . I have lived through a momentous and blessed time, having been ceaselessly occupied with souls, having been enabled to preach Christ to the Queen and the Empress, and having lately spoken of our Saviour to the Queen of Holland and the viceroy whilst announcing to them *the great events that are approaching.*"

Great events, indeed, were approaching. I will not say that this "mystic," who had been a "mondaine"; this Christian who had been a coquette, definitely foreknew them; I can only present, in defence of her prophetic claims, this testimony of one who saw and heard her utter the famous predictions of 1814. She was then at Baden.

"I was alone in my room," says Mdlle. Cochelet, "when Madame de Krudener entered. Her inspired mien, her prophetic accent, and her impressive pose filled me with surprise. 'I have come to see your Queen!' she exclaimed. 'I must save her from a danger that threatens her. *I have come to declare to her what God wishes her to know.* . . She must submit to her fate. She must be resigned; she is not yet at the end of her troubles. Above all, do not let her return to France, let her go to Russia; the Emperor Alexander is the refuge of the destitute. Ah! you do not know what a terrible year 1815 will be! You imagine the Congress will finish its labours. Undeceive yourself. *The Emperor Napoleon will leave his island!* He will be more powerful than ever; but those who support him will be pursued, persecuted, punished. They will not know where to lay their heads!"

There is a philosophy of the Future as there is a philosophy of the Past. It is founded upon knowledge of the absolute relations of events, and may express its conclusions in definite predictions for which Divine inspiration is unnecessary. This prog-

nosis is conceivably possible; for, the Present being what it is, the Future will be logically, if not necessarily evolved from it. To know the Present, therefore, is to know the Future. It is because we do not know the Present in the solidarity of its position in the cosmic history that we cannot definitely predict the life of to-morrow. Perhaps Madame de Krudener may have acquired a knowledge of her own time—it was *this* which enabled her to announce the future—to argue from a major premise of the current date to the conclusion of the farthest period of history.

To argue from Past to Present is easy. Victor Hugo, writing of 1815, says, "Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude and his fall decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe." But Victor Hugo wrote in 1860—nearly fifty years after the exile of Bonaparte. Madame de Krudener uttered her prophecies while the Star of Austerlitz still flashed in splendour before the startled gaze of Europe.

Now, as a preacher of the Gospel, the Madame fulfilled all the ethical functions of true prophetism, without predicting coming events, and, for the accomplishment of her evangelistic mission, had no need of the powers attributed to the prognostic. Neither Wesley nor Luther were seers, though both were prophets of the first order. Swedenborg was not less a prophet that he claimed to be also a seer. Perhaps her fame as a seer attracted curious audiences eager to listen to a fortune-teller, but she seems never to have forced her vision-seeing faculties to action, or assumed the *role* of prophet on demand. Neither did she simulate the Delphic frenzy for the purpose of deluding her votaries or securing a constituency—sitting on a tripod above a mysterious abyss, or drinking waters from some magic Kassote's spring—only once did there seem traces of charlatanism, and even then her words are capable of being translated into predictions.

However this may be, the Madame was a genuine and heroic prophet according to the type portrayed by Fairbairn: "The prophets were in a peculiar sense the spiritual watchmen of Judah and Israel, the representatives of divine truth and holiness, whose part it was to keep a wakeful and jealous eye upon the manners of the times, to detect and reprove the symptoms of defection which appeared, and by every means in their power, foster and encourage the spirit of real godliness."

Madame de Krudener's "Judah and Israel" was Europe—the Europe of the great Napoleonic wars; and the objects of her ethical censorship were the members of that disturbed continental society whose ideals and standards had become almost as mutable as the map of the world under the sway of the Corsican corporal who had become Emperor of France. Not from pulpit, surrounded by inviolable sanctities and ecclesiastical proprieties did this "fanatic" unfold the principles of the Christ-life, but in parlours, in salons, at the road-side, in the street, and, on one famous occasion, in the cabinet of a Czar, and that Czar the pivotal personage of modern European history.

If there was majesty in the scene at Baden when the Madame uttered the words of a seer, there was sublimity in the scene at Heilbronn, when she confronted the splendid Alexander as a Nathan-like searcher of hearts. The Czar, high on the throne of state, was curious to see this woman, by whose prevision, however vague, he had been designated a favourite of Providence, and, no doubt, anticipated a repetition of the eulogy. But, instead, this white-robed oracle poured forth the most incisive rebukes, mingled

with exhortations to repent and plead for pardon !

A small, self-seeking quack would have flattered the ruler or trimmed the truth to please the royal ear, fearful of wrath or hopeful of reward; but this uncompromising preacher, unordained and unrecognized by any hierarchy, ennobled by loyalty to truth, delivered her message without abatement of emphasis or change of phrase.

"No, sire," she declared, "you have not yet approached the God-Man as a criminal, begging for mercy. You have not yet received the grace of Him who alone has power on earth to forgive sins. You are still living in the midst of your sins. You have not yet humbled yourself before Jesus. You have not yet cried like the publican from the bottom of your heart, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner !' And that is why you enjoy no peace of mind. Listen to the voice of a woman who also has been a great sinner, but who has found pardon for her sins at the foot of the Cross of Christ."

Discarding the parable as indirect, this modern "court-priest," under prophetic impulse, used plainest speech in the manner of a Methodist exhorter during a protracted meeting in a village church.

The imperial auditor, startled, but submissive, said, when his daring mentor ceased, "Your whole speech is justified in my heart. You have made me discover in myself things which I had never seen. I give thanks for it to God."

Four days later, in a cottage on the banks of the Neckar, the Czar and his counsellor met again, and there, on alternate evenings, in the presence of Empaytaz, the potent Alexander reverently listened to prayer, admonition and Bible-reading; and he confessed that, having previously failed to eradicate the elements of sin from his soul, he had at last sincerely repented.

It was the year 1815—the year of the Catastrophe—the Transformation—preannounced by Madame de Krudener in October of the preceding year. Guilty France was chastised, according to her prediction. The "Black Angel of the South" was driven from Europe, and the great Alexander—the "White Angel of the North," publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to her in the presence of his armies, on the occasion of the grand review on the Plain of Vestus, in Champagne, the Madame standing, visible to the assembled regiments, "bareheaded, her fair hair parted and falling over her shoulders, clad in a long, dark robe, confined by a girdle." She had not won a crown for him, but she had taught him how to wear one. There is here no opportunity to legendize, or shroud a fact in mists of myth—this scene was witnessed in 1815.

HIS HAND WAS ROUGH.

His hand was rough and His hand was hard,
For He wrought in wood, in Nazareth town;
With naught of worship, with no regard,
In the village street He went up and down.

His hand was rough, but its touch was light,
As it lay on the eyes of him born blind;
Or strake sick folk in its healing might,
And gave back joy to the hearts that pined.

His hand was hard, but they spiked it fast
To the splintering wood of the cursèd tree;
And He hung in the sight of the world, at last,
In His shame. And the red blood trickled free.

—*Archibald MacMechan.*

RECENT DISCOVERIES AS TO NEBULÆ.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

When we search the heavens with a telescope of small magnifying power, but a large field, we come upon objects called Nebulæ, which give a light similar to that of the Milky Way. They are of various forms and sizes, ranging from one degree to a few seconds in size, and from round, circular or elliptical to great irregularity in form. Sometimes little stars are seen in such nebulæ, or there is a visible thickening of the nebulous matter towards the centre. What appear in telescopes of small power like light clouds, separate into stars when viewed through a stronger glass, forming star clusters. In other nebulæ no separate stars can be discerned, but an impression is received that they consist of many stars crowded close together. There are, besides these, a great many nebulæ which cannot be resolved into stars at all.

The distinction between the real nebulæ and the star clusters was first discovered by the help of spectrum analysis. The spectrum of the star clusters is continuous, while that of the nebulæ consists of one or more (generally three) bright lines; the light of the clusters of stars seems to come from bodies in a glowing liquid or a solid state, and that of nebulæ from glowing gases. Dr. Huggins was the first to make this spectroscopic examination, and found the line-spectrum (gas-spectrum) in nineteen nebulæ, and a continuous spectrum in thirty-eight clusters of stars and separable nebulæ. According to the investigation of Dr. Huggins and Herr Vogel, the nebulæ consist principally of nitrogen and hydrogen.

Another great aid besides the spectroscope in solving many questions in regard to the physical nature of nebulæ is photography, which has been used so much of late years in examining the heavenly bodies. Some years ago a plan was devised for obtaining a photograph of the entire heavens by the co-operation of a series of observatories; the preliminaries for carrying out this plan are already in full operation. Besides this great work, which will require several years,—indeed, before this idea was conceived — special investigations in this field had been undertaken by different astronomers, with very happy results.

One of these enthusiastic devotees, Mr. Isaac Roberts, of Liverpool, has taken photographs of various objects, among which is one of the great nebula in Andromeda, taken in December, 1888, by exposing a plate for four hours in the focus of a mirror telescope of twenty inches diameter. The great nebula in Andromeda is one of the most regular in form, and can be seen by the naked eye more easily than the one in Orion, because there are no bright stars in the neighbourhood of the former, and it has the appearance of a nebulous star. It was first seen in Europe in 1612, by Marius, who compared its light to that of a candle shining through a plate of horn. Observers, before the time of William Herschel, noticed little more than that the nebula was brighter in the middle; Herschell thought that the central part could be resolved into stars. In 1848, G. P. Bond, of Cambridge, U. S., using a refractor with a fifteen-inch opening, counted one

thousand five hundred little stars within the limits of the nebula, without losing the nebulous outline of the whole.

Through the nebula pass two dark belts like two breaks. Bond considers that this nebula can be separated into stars, and the spectroscope seems to uphold him, for it gives a continuous spectrum, such as always comes from the combined light of groups of stars; and the spectrum of the nebula is not to be found. The nebula proper seems to be behind the stars, which impression is also given by Roberts' photograph. Further, it can be clearly seen that the great nebula consists of rings which surround a bright centre, and in some parts of these rings knots of nebulous matter are visible; this was probably separated from the main body, as it shows no connection with it.

The great philosopher, Kant, advanced, more than one hundred years ago, in his "Universal Natural History and Theory of the Heavens," an hypothesis based on the supposition that our system, for example, had been formed by the condensation of an immense nebulous mass; from which mass single parts had broken away, and of these parts the planets and their moons were formed. We can consider the nebulæ now visible to be such systems in process of construction; but as periods of time incomprehensible to the human mind are required for the formation of these systems, and the changes cannot be watched, we must be satisfied with hypothesis.

Prof. Pickering had pointed out some years ago, that if the variation in stars of the Algol class were due to the transit of a dark satellite across the disk of its primary, producing a partial eclipse, then, since in every case yet known the two bodies must be close to each other, and of not very disproportionate size, the primary must revolve with very considerable rapidity in an orbit round the common centre of gravity of the two, and therefore be sometimes approaching the earth with great rapidity, and sometimes receding from it. Six photographs of the spectrum of Algol have shown that before the minimum the lines of the spectrum of Algol are markedly displaced toward the red, showing a motion of recession; but that after the minimum the displacement is toward the blue, showing a motion of approach. Assuming a circular orbit for the star and combining the details given by the spectroscope with the known variation of the star's light, Prof. Vogel derives the following elements for the system of Algol:

Diameter of Algol -	1,074,100 Eng. miles.
Diameter of the dark companion - - -	840,600 "
Distance of centre -	3,269,000 "
Speed of Algol in its orbit - - - - -	27 miles a second.
Speed of companion in its orbit - - -	56 "
Mass of Algol - -	$\frac{4}{5}$ of the sun.
Mass of the companion	$\frac{2}{5}$ "
Speed of translation of the entire system towards the earth - - - -	2 miles a second.

From day to day, oh, be it thine to lie,
As some mute harp beneath the Master's eye;
Yet ever ready for His skilful hand
To waken just the music He had planned.
Or, like some instrument of mighty tone,
Content to wait unnoticed and unknown.
So may thy heart, when He shall sweep the keys,
Give forth to Him its praiseful melodies!

—*Lucy A. Bennett.*

A GREAT CHRISTIAN SCHOLAR—DR. WILLIAM F. MOULTON.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

REV. DR. WILLIAM F. MOULTON.

We used to go to Leek "out of the noise." The phrase was universally employed in announcing any prospective visit to the old moorland town by reason of the fact that it boasted a "quiet woman." This striking phenomenon differentiated it from every other place in the midlands of England, if not, indeed, from every centre within the four

seas. It was impossible for a moment, even in thought, to separate the taciturn lady from the town dominated by her name. Their renown was historical and identical.

Sooth to say, however, there was something of a very hollow character in the boast Leek made of her silent saint. The quiet woman was but a poet's dream. Her story was as mythical as that of Minerva or the Phoenix. Yet, like those pleasant fictions, it furnished the artist with a subject; and a large painting in a prominent street set forth his inspired conception of the fabled dame.

This exquisite production of the town's Sir Joshua formed the sign for one of its ancient inns. Upon it the lady in question was represented as winsome and well-proportioned, but as minus the decoration of a head. "The Quiet Woman" lent her name to this famous hostelry; and it was in allusion to the portrait of the decapitated dame that folk supplied the good-natured, if ungallant, appendix above referred to, when they announced their purpose of going to Leek.

As a matter of fact you will find the town no quieter than any other, while, if you happen there on Wednesday, the market day, you will meet with noise enough. Then the great square is thronged with a busy multitude intent on the buying and selling of every kind of commodity—from butter-scotch to dolly-pegs, from corn-cure to crockery. Here, too, you may listen, as in many neighbouring towns, to that delightful dialect which George Eliot has immortalized in "Adam Bede," but which public readers of that work on this side the Atlantic do not in the least approximate. This form of speech has reigned in that region from time immemorial, and polished citizens delight to drop into it in familiar intercourse.

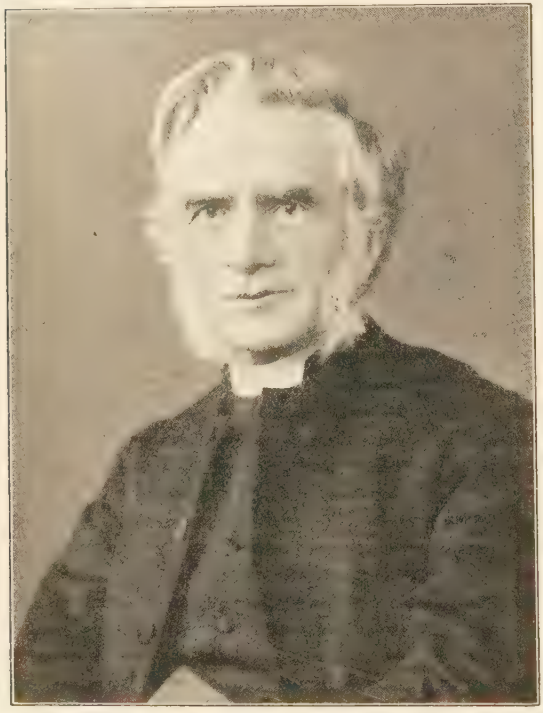
John Wesley first preached in Leek in 1772. At five in the morning of Monday, March 23rd, he spoke to a huge congregation in Derby; by nine o'clock he was in Ashbourne market-place crying: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." At mid-day, while he was dining at Leek—perchance at the very inn alluded to above—"a gentleman of the town desired he would give them a sermon." Wesley says: "As it seemed a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse; a large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive." Thence he flew to Macclesfield, where, in the evening, he preached "longer than usual;" and summed up the record of the day's work by the laconic statement that he felt no more weariness when he had done, than he did "at six in the morning."

Methodism became established in Leek at an early date, and still holds a strong position there. Among the ministers of the circuit during the present century, we find the names of the Revs. G. B. Macdonald and J. E. Moulton. It was during Mr. Macdonald's incumbency that John Lockwood Kipling, the son of another Methodist minister, visited the Leek parsonage and took one of his host's daughters for an outing to Rudyard Lake, a pretty sheet of water in the neighbourhood. On that afternoon the young couple became engaged, and when their son was afterwards born to them in far-off Bombay, they named him Rudyard after the lake that had witnessed their romance. That son has now reached man's estate, and he who does not know Rudyard Kipling argues himself unknown.

It was in Leek, on March 14th, 1835, and during his father's residence there, that William F. Moulton first saw the light. It was on Feb. 5th, 1898, and at Cambridge,

that he closed his eyes to the scenes of earth. In this interval of three-and-sixty years his intellectual gifts and accomplishments had advanced him to the forefront among the great men of the nation, and his departure was regarded as an irreparable loss.

Dr. Moulton was blessed in being born well. A remote progenitor wrote that imperishable hymn: "Hail, thou once despised Jesus;" his grandfather had been an assistant minister at Wesley's Chapel, City Road; while his father was endowed with excellent qualities of heart and brain,—was a fine mathematician, a good classic, and read Hebrew "like a Jew."



RIGHT REV. DR. F. B. WESTCOTT, LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

At an early age the boy left his father's home and entered the school at Woodhouse Grove. At this time he was regarded as very delicate, and was not expected to live to manhood. However, he rose to the top of the school before he left it at fifteen, and in 1850 went to Wesley College, Sheffield. Here he rapidly prepared himself for matriculation at London University, of which he became such a distinguished alumnus and examiner; and where, subsequently, his brothers and his sons left a highly honourable record of themselves.

It was while at Wesley College that he became a seeker after God. Like Augustine, he learned to say: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee." It is not necessary for a man to riot in ungodliness in order to know the meaning of repentance and the broken heart. The quiet and diligent young student, to all human seeming, wore the "white flower of a blameless life." And yet He, who dwells with the humble and the contrite ones, had His own means of bringing him to self-abasement and to penitence. The purer his heart who seeks the Infinite, the clearer his vision of the holiness of God's law, and the quicker his conscience to detect a deviation.

"I have sinned against the clearest light," moaned W. F. Moulton to his school friend. This sorrow, however, as has happened so often before and since, worked "repentance unto a salvation which bringeth no regret," and he kept the anniversary of the day upon which his sorrow was turned into joy as that of his spiritual birth. "Three years to-day," he wrote in 1854, "between

twelve and one in the morning, I found peace with God. Thanks be unto Him for His unspeakable gift."

He left Wesley College for a position in a private school at Devonport, whence at length he went as mathematical master to Queen's College, Taunton. It was while at Taunton that he captured the London University gold medal for mathematics and natural philosophy, and here also he received his call to preach. He had been strongly advised to enter the Indian Civil Service, in which two of his uncles held high positions, but, after much thought and prayer, he came to the decided conviction that it was his duty to enter the ministry in the Church of his fathers. Soon setting aside his favourite science of mathematics, he turned all his energies towards those studies that would best fit him for effective work in the lofty calling he was to follow. How thorough his devotion in this direction was is evidenced by the fact that in two years' time he took the Scripture examination at London University, making a record that has never been approached before or since. He carried off the University prizes in Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, Greek Text of the New Testament, and in Evidences of the Christian Religion.

In 1858, though only twenty-three years of age, W. F. Moulton was appointed Assistant Tutor at Richmond College, where he remained for many years, being subsequently appointed Classical Tutor in succession to the saintly and scholarly Professor Hellier. The grand old college on Richmond Hill has memories and traditions which belong to no other school of the prophets in ecumenical Methodism. There men have taught and studied whose names will be held in loving remembrance while sun and moon endure. When first a man walks its halls he feels himself to be on holy ground. And his veneration for the famous fabric increases the longer he resides within its walls. To occupy, as the present writer did, the study in which Morley Punshon and other famous men passed their college days, is something to inspire a man. To read the prayers, as each student must once or twice a term, from the self-same pulpit in which the Wesleys stood so many years at the Foundry, is an ordeal no man likes, but one

RIGHT REV. T. B. LIGHTFOOT, LATE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.

which creates a bond of relationship for Richmond men which neither time nor space can sever. The very stones of the great stairs speak of those who have been "rolled off," and have gone to the ends of the earth to preach the good tidings of great joy.

Dr. Moulton's influence in this institution was potent and widespread. Concerning it, let two of his old students, who wield a better pen than mine, bear testimony. The first is the Rev. Henry Haigh, a successful missionary in India; the second is the Rev. T. G. Selby, famed for his work in China, and more recently known to the world as an accomplished litterateur. Says Mr. Haigh:

"It was in his Greek Testament classes that he always seemed to me to be the greatest. It was there that I first learned the meaning and began to realize the possibilities of exegesis, and scores of others will say the same. The New Testament became a new book to us as he discoursed the Greek text before us. He dealt delightfully with the significance of single words; he displayed to us the suggestions that were involved in cases and tenses and prepositions; and he insisted most strongly of all on our following and stating to ourselves precisely the course of thought of the writer. I can conceive no higher training for preachers than those classes gave. Possible sermons seemed to appeal to us frequently and clamorously as he expounded. Ay, and more than that: they were often occasions of the highest value, for 'did not our hearts burn within us' as he spoke? Time and again in those classes he glowed as he unfolded to us the fullest significance of the words before us. He was in his element, and for the time was tutor and prophet in one."

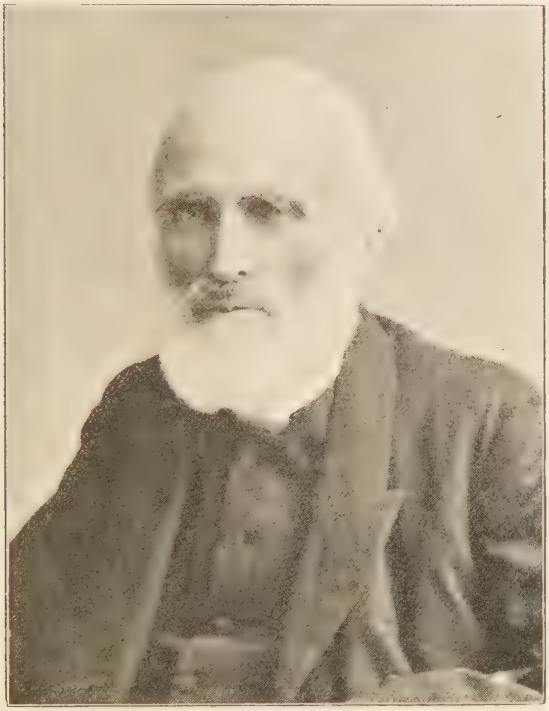
Writing in the *British Weekly* at the time of Dr. Moulton's death, Mr. Selby, well known to many of the readers of this paper by his book, "The Imperfect Angel," and by other works, said:

"Towards conscientious mediocrity he was very indulgent, and he sometimes made himself the protector of persecuted weakness with a magnanimity that prompted the question, Is the scholar in him sleeping, or walking, or hunting, or on a journey? The accurate and painstaking studies in his Greek Testament classes were a revelation to men who had got a smattering of classics in the private middle-class schools of thirty years ago, and who had come into college feeling fairly well satisfied with their equipment of working theology. The union of candour, reverence, and free and enthusiastic research in his temper broadened his students, without either making them prigs or tempting them to reckless delight in shocking old-fashioned orthodoxy. The extreme humility of the man, who was at once a great scholar and a notable saint, was pathetic and almost incongruous."

I have heard old Richmond men say, that before his marriage the students used sometimes to wonder where their tutor could possibly find a lady who would be a helpmeet for one such as he. He was a second Admirable Crichton, and the first of that name had never married! Like his father before him, however, he espoused the accomplished daughter of a Methodist minister, and any misgivings the students might have had were set at rest, when one of their number, going to his study, found Dr. and Mrs. Moulton reading Hebrew together. In course of time a son was born to the happily-mated pair, and the students, with the Richmond partiality for a pun, avowed that the child was "the Moulton (molten) image."

No thoroughgoing student of the Greek New Testament attempts to get along without his Winer. It is about as necessary to him as the rifle to the sportsman, or the paddle to the canoeist. It is his indispensable enchiridion. The edition of that work best known to English students bears upon its title page the name of Dr. Moulton. His excessive modesty only permitted him to claim the right of translation and annotation; but a glance at the "notes," which are relegated in

small print to the bottom of the page, reveals his real relation to the book. And the amazing thing is that, when he gave that monument of learning to the world, he was not yet thirty-five years of age! It was little to be wondered at when the company for the revision of the New Testament was formed, that he should be requested to become one of the number. "He had already," said his aged friend, Dr. Westcott, the present Bishop of Durham, "established his reputation by his masterly edition of Winer. Close and constant intercourse increased my admiration for his learning and scholarship, and to this was added a personal affection, which has grown deeper through all the years that have followed."



REV. DR. F. J. HORT.

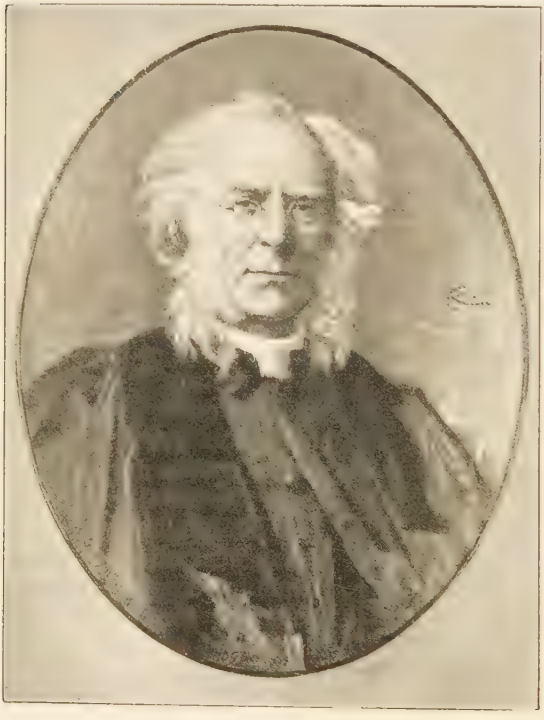
His work on the Revision Committee brought Dr. Moulton into close touch with some of the most accomplished scholars of the age, and enabled him to form delightful and enduring friendships. Drs. Hort, Milligan and Lightfoot, whose portraits are found on these pages, were among those whose affection he joyfully reciprocated. With Dr. Milligan, the eminent exponent of the Apocalypse, he collaborated on a commentary on the Gospel of St. John. With Dr. Scrivener he worked, after the Revision closed, at the task of furnishing marginal references for the new version. Owing to Dr. Scrivener's ill-health, however, this work devolved upon Dr. Moulton alone, and for years any inquiry after him evoked the reply that he was "busy with the references."

Of his conscientious and scholarly care in this immense labour Dr. Westcott writes: "Even in their original form these references were an invaluable commentary; and through them I believe that Dr. Moulton will lead many generations of students to recognize with a personal conviction the unity and variety of the Bible. No memorial of his life could be more appropriate, or, I think, more welcome to himself."

In this connection it should be added, on the authority of the *London Quarterly Review* for last July, that, in addition to the Reference Bible in the Revised Version lately issued, we are to expect shortly the announcement of a much fuller body of references from the Doctor's hand. This prospective publication, together with those delightful volumes now being given to the world by his brother, Dr.

Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago, will give the reader of the English Bible advantages he has never had before. And their united labours will lay the world under a perpetual obligation to yet another godly Methodist family.

Towards the higher criticism, Dr. Moulton assumed neither the attitude of the conservatives nor of the extremists. Believing that biblical



REV. DR. W. MILLIGAN.

science in this age should make advance along with the other sciences, he took his stand with the progressives. The works of men like Driver he heartily welcomed, and the position he held is that which those distinguished scholars, Drs. Beet and Davidson, and others prominent in the present-day Methodism of England thoroughly endorse. "The old will not extinguish the new," he said; "the new will not escape modification through the influence of the old."

Touching textual criticism, he was, like his friend Dr. Milligan, far in advance of the majority of the Revisers with whom he worked, and if he could have had his way, translations consigned to the margin would have been placed in the text, and still further changes effected. "This blessed Word," he said in his ordination charge at Nottingham in 1891, "may be studied with a microscope as with a telescope. But in each case the eye must be rightly trained. Not every impression that is vivid is therefore lasting. You may find it necessary to change your interpretation. . . . Difficulties will woo you on to more thorough search; and if you are walking in the light, and the Holy Spirit is your guide, you will possess for yourselves 'the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ.'"

The last and best years of Dr. Moulton's life were consumed in building up that Methodist Rugby, the Leys School, Cambridge. It seems, at the first blush, a terrible waste to make him a Head Master, given up to exacting office work and the routine drilling of young boys in the more rudimentary branches of knowledge, when he might with such brilliance have filled a Divinity chair. But the Conference asked him to leave Richmond for the newly-projected Cambridge school, and he went. Here he did not, either, spend his strength for naught. He lived again in those made better by his presence,—he

was not lost, but multiplied. In an affectionate tribute written in the school *Fortnightly,* one of the boys declares: "Upon us he lavished all the riches of his great mind, and upon us he poured out ungrudgingly and unstintingly the treasures of a pure and noble soul; and we cannot repay him for all that he has done better than by trying at all times to walk worthily of him."

*Ἐν πραΰτητι σοφίας** in uncial letters is inscribed over Dr. Moulton's monument erected in Wesley's Chapel, City Road. It consists of a fine bust placed under a canopy, and was unveiled last July by the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, himself a son of the Methodist manse, and a whilom Minister of the Queen. The phrase fittingly sets forth the spirit of the lamented Doctor, who is still further described as "a scholar keen, exact, accomplished, eminently versed in the sacred Scripture; a teacher who inspired love of learning and love of all goodness; a minister of Christ, humble, faithful, gentle towards all, fervent in spirit, pure in heart, constant in labour and prayer, an example to the flock, a good steward of the manifold grace of God."

Claremont, Ont.

* "In meekness of wisdom."—Jas. iii. 13.

BY THE BEST WAY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

A short, smooth reach of sunny upland road
Led to a point wherefrom two ways diverged;
One, strewn with flowers, stretched evenly across
A table-land, bathed all in golden light,
Whose air was vocal with the blithesome songs
Of happy birds:—the other, hedged with thorns,
Wound roughly downward through a darksome valley
Where silence sad prevailed.

Fain had I been
To tread the sunlit path upon the height;
But He whose judgments are infallible
Deemed it not best for me; and, at His bidding,
I, trembling, turned me toward the gloomy vale.

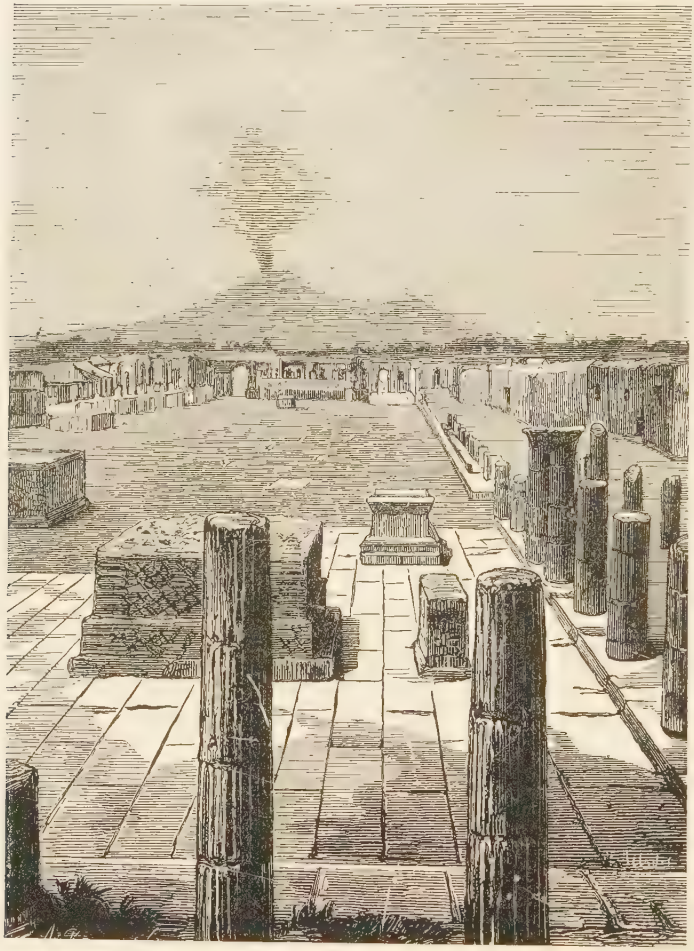
I know not why it is I may not journey
By the bright path whereon glad sunbeams fall,
While others joyous follow it, and pass,
Still with rejoicing, to eternal glory:
But I am sure that the Almighty Friend
Who doth alike direct their steps and mine,
Will bring me, too, to everlasting light;—
For when I stood, shrinking and faltering, where
The darkness loomed before me, He within
His strong, sure clasp did take my feeble hand,
And bade me trust in Him, fearing no evil,
Since He would never leave me nor forsake.

And when, at last, I see Him, face to face,
Of all His ways I shall the wisdom trace.

Toronto.

POMPEII—THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.



POMPEII.—VESUVIUS IN THE BACKGROUND.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon that I drove, with a companion in travel, from Naples to Pompeii. It is about a ten miles' drive through what is almost one continuous city —a humming hive of industry scarcely surpassed in Naples itself. "Pompeii," says the latest authority on the subject, "was a city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, that had for many centuries enjoyed a happy, prosperous life, under the very shadow of Vesuvius. In the first century it was one of the most beautiful provincial cities of the Roman Empire, as it was one of the richest. Art had lent her aid to make it a delight to the eye, and nature had given it a site and surroundings exceptionally picturesque

and attractive. Situated directly on the Bay of Naples, Pompeii was an ideal residence. As a background to the city loomed Vesuvius, dark and majestic. Thrifty vineyards and olive orchards adorned the slope of the mountains, and charming villas dotted its sides. To the light-hearted, merry, industrious Pompeians, life on that August day was full to overflowing with hope and happiness and the mere pleasure of existence.

"For sixteen hundred years the city remained hidden under its mantle of mud and ashes before any effort was made to uncover it. Not until the present century was a systematic excavation begun and continued so industriously that almost a half of the city has now been dug out. The romance of this buried city has fired the imagination of writers and artists just as its archæological importance has impressed the *savant* and historian. Painters and sculptors, novelists and composers, have found inspiration in its deserted streets and empty, ruined homes."

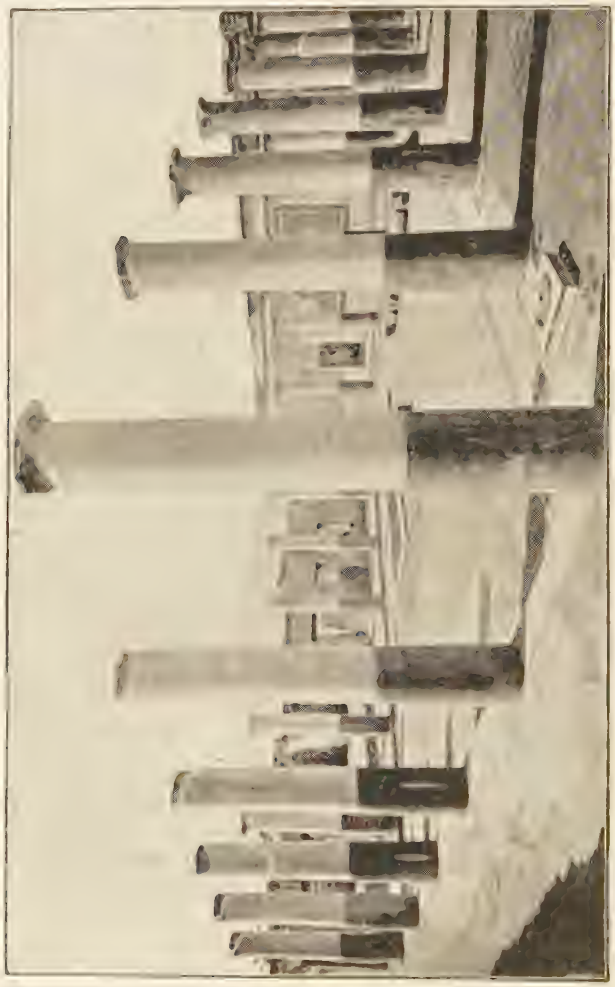
Pompeii, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet of volcanic ashes and pumice stone in the year 79. About the middle of the last century it was re-discovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. The result of this disinterment is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life, such as has been exhibited nowhere else. You may follow its minutest details. You may accompany the rich patrician to the public forum and the court; to the amphitheatre and share his seat, and look down with him into the arena where the gladiators fight; to the temple, and behold the altars still stained with the smoke of sacrifice, and see, what he could not, the secret opening behind the image of the god through which the priest spoke his oracles. You may go to the public baths and see the hypocausts for fire, the aqueducts and caleducts for hot water and cold air, the cabinets for his clothing, and niches for his soaps, strigils and unguents. You may enter the privacy of his home and behold the images of his ancestors, and the lares and penates of his fire-side. You may criticise the frescoes on his walls, the furnishings of his house, and his mode of entertaining his friends. You may enter his kitchen and examine the domestic economy of his family.

You may even penetrate the privacy of his wife's apartment, and behold the interesting mysteries—dear to the female heart—of her toilet table, the rouge pots, cosmetics, and mirrors, the jewellery and other articles of personal adornment. You may examine the surgeon's instrument case, its lancets and scalpels, and probes and cupping-glasses—three hundred intruments in all. You may visit the baker's shop and see the kneading-troughs, the ovens, even the loaves of bread stamped with the baker's name. You may study the different avocations and modes of work of the fuller, dyer, miller, barber, colour-man, grocer, perfumer, and wine-merchant. You may examine the commodities which they sold, and note the stains of the wine-cup on the marble counters, and the amphoræ on the floor.

The houses, of course, are roofless, the woodwork having been ignited by the red-hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are perfectly preserved. It produces a strange sensation to walk down the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the ruts made by the cart-wheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, bearing the

marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shop-keepers can in places be seen. A barber shop, a soap-factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use, to which the maidens used to trip so lightly.

The dwelling-houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "Salve," "Welcome," or a figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor with the words, "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog." Within is an open court surrounded by bedrooms, kitchen, triclinium or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colours, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan



THE FORUM, POMPEII.

gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc. In public places may be read election placards and wall scribblings of idle soldiers and school-boys. Opposite one shop I observed the warning in Latin, "This is no place for lounging; idler, depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests; the theatres with their stage, corridors, and rows of marble seats—one will hold five thousand, another twenty thousand persons; the public baths with marble basins for hot and cold water, etc.; the street of tombs lined with the monuments of the dead; and the ancient city walls and gates, may all be seen almost as they were when the wrath of heaven descended upon the guilty city.

About two thousand persons, in all, are supposed to have perished in the ruins. In the house of Diomedes, in the wine-vaults, whither they had fled for refuge—the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiators' barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison with iron stocks on their feet. In the museum are observed several casts made by pouring plaster into the consolidated matrix of ashes which had formed around the living body—long since returned to dust—of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death-struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture and embroidery of the dress, and the smooth, round contour of the young girl's arm, may be distinctly seen.

At the entry to the guard-house was found the skeleton of a Roman sentinel—a man of giant mould, with his firm-laced sandals, his iron greaves, his sword, his shield, and grasping still his bronze-tipped spear—a monument of Roman valour and fidelity—keeping his post even unto death. A priest of Isis was overtaken by the mephitic gases while endeavouring to break through the wall of the temple. Even the remains of the dumb animals have a pathetic interest.—the horses in the stable of Albinus, the mule in the bakery, the dog in his kennel, and the dove upon her nest. The sight of this dead city called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.

The poet Rogers thus vividly describes the impression produced by a visit to the buried city :—

"—But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
HAIL! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of Mosaic, walls of Arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!
—And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!
—Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were:
Still wandering in the City of the Dead!"

In the National Museum at Naples are preserved a very large collection of the paintings and mosaics and other objects found at Pompeii. The frescoes are wonderfully fresh looking, and the drawing is full of character and expression, although many of the subjects betray a depravation of morals, shocking every sentiment

of propriety. A curious collection of articles of food and other objects found at Pompeii is also shown. Among these are specimens of oil, wine, meat, fish, eggs, loaves of bread with the baker's name stamped on them, almonds, dates, peas, onions, sandals, a purse with coins, etc. A very large collection of bronzes, objects of art, household utensils and the like, gives a vivid conception of the life and habits of the inhabitants of the buried city.

The following is a list of articles I jotted down as I walked through the rooms : Statuettes and images of the gods, candelabra and lamps of very ornate character; musical instruments, flutes, cymbals, plectra, etc.; surgical instruments in cases, many varieties, also cases of medicines ; toilet articles, combs, mirrors, beautiful bracelets, brooches, amulets, rings, seals, gold ornaments and jewellery; spoons, buckles, spears, weapons of all sorts; cake cutters, and moulds for cakes in the form of pigs, rabbits, hearts, etc.; tongs, fire irons, griddles, pots, pans, funnels, steelyards, scales large and small, with weights, marked I., II., III., V., X., etc.; measures, chains, nails, tacks, screws, door - knockers, hinges, locks and keys for doors, spades, mattocks, hay-forks, sickles, pruning-knives, axes, shears, hammers, adzes, planes, iron beds and baths, vases of every size and shape, lead pipes and brass water-taps. Many of these are almost identical in shape with those used by the Italian peasantry of the present day.

UNTO HEAVENLY PLACES.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

PSALM CXXVI.

There is laughter in the spirit and sweet music on the tongue
Of a ransomed one from servitude returning,—
For the favours of Jehovah can be neither told nor sung
In the measures of the barren moors of Mourning.

We adore the Lord, most Mighty, for His tenderness and grace ;
Lift our faces to the morning,
Loose our lips in happy song :
From the vassalage of evil we beheld His loving face,
Unto heavenly places leading us along.

He hath manacled the mighty and unmanacled His own ;
He hath called them from servility and dreaming
To a Home of faultless freedom, where He hath His Princely Throne,
And they learn the boundless wealth of His redeeming.

They did sow the Land of Sorrow with regrets and bitter tears ;
He refined their hearts to humbleness by weeping :
Now, they come with harvest gleanings, the fruition of the years—
Sheaves of gladness and rejoicing from the reaping.

Toronto.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre.
—*Hartley Coleridge*—"*To Shakespeare.*"

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.

KAISER FREDERICK.

Public attention has again been called to the character and life of this monarch, who though he reigned but a few months, and that as a dying man, left his impress upon his country and upon history as the eighth king of Prussia and second German Emperor, by the publication of the first volume of Madame von Poschinger's "Kaiser Friedrich." This must not be regarded as an official biography, nor scarcely a biography at all; it is rather a storehouse of materials—of letters, state documents, and varied memoranda, hitherto inaccessible to the public. And every document, every utterance, every sentence, only serves to confirm the estimate universally held of the Prince's high character, and of the gentleness and gentlemanliness of his spirit, the purity of his life, and the elevation and grasp of his mind. All who saw him were struck with his grand figure, his clear-cut features, and his dignified bearing; while to know him was to be charmed by his frankness and grace of manner, the spell of his personality, and the vigour of his intellect: a man you never forgot, nor did subsequent or further knowledge cause any abatement of your first estimate of him. If his military exploits differed from those of the

Chevalier Bayard of 1490, he was his counterpart as "the knight without fear and without reproach." In its every relation and aspect his life was pure, dutiful, unselfish; nor could the rancour and spleen of Brusch, Bismarck's biographer and apologist, who besmirched so many reputations, tarnish his good name; mire was thrown at his wife, but not at himself.

It was well enough known that his father's marriage was a *mariage de convenance;* another lady had been chosen and loved, the young, beautiful and accomplished Polish Princess Radziwell; but the blood in her veins was only half-royal, and so Prince William had perforce to discard his prize for the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. It is not often that state-made marriages turn out so happily as this one did; if there was no romance at first, a true love grew up and flourished afterwards, and deepened as the years of their long life rolled on. The Prince Friedrich, their elder child and only son, was born in 1831. The Princess Augusta, coming from Weimar, had been pupil and friend of Gœthe, and the great man celebrated the birth of her son in one of his odes. She was a woman of wide intellectual outlook, of great practical wisdom, and of earnest religious spirit. Her practical wisdom was seen in making the education of her son the great business of her life. What could be better than this:

"I have always acknowledged my son as a gift entrusted to me by God, for which He demands a reckoning. His training, therefore, has claimed my entire strength; I have devoted myself to him exclusively, and it has contributed greatly to my own development, and afforded me, together with its inseparable anxiety, great comfort and joy. He belongs to the present and the future; he must, therefore, take up the new ideas and work them out for himself, so that he may attain a living insight into his times and not live remote from them."

This letter, doing infinite credit to the head and the heart of the writer, was sent to General von Roon in 1848, his governor at the time. His first governor was General von Unruh, who had taken charge of him when he left the nursery. It would not be easy to sum up the good the boy derived from the teaching and example of Von Unruh: a soldier of rare distinction, who sacrificed the honours of his profession to the making of the future king. Your ordinary Prussian soldier is a being of drill and buckram, and given to dragoon people, but Von Unruh was the antipodes of this; his method was to allure and guide; the pupil was attracted to intellectual pursuits, and soon to the practice of virtue. One thing was ground into him, not to assume airs as the Prince of the Hohenzollerns; but to recognize the rights and respect the feelings of every man, whatever his condition and estate. This became a law of his life, and as a Prince made him a hundred times more princely. Little wonder, then, that a life-long affection subsisted between governor and pupil. We quote a few words from the old soldier's "parting letter," written from his dying bed: "At this solemn hour let me express my heartfelt thanks to God that during the time you were under my care He kept your heart pure and undefiled, and preserved you from follies which corrupt so many. I do not presume to give you counsel for your future life; I only urge you to seek guidance in prayer. May God's blessing be upon your future life, for time and for eternity, and may He vouchsafe us to meet again hereafter, sinless and redeemed."

If Von Unruh and Von Roon were ideal instructors, no less so was another of the Prince's tutors, Dr. Ernest Curtius, the famous Greek Archæologist. For six years he

was under the ennobling influence of this learned man. His vast stores of learning were tempered by a refined taste and illuminated by a pure life. So receptive was the learned Professor's illustrious pupil that not only was his progress rapid, but tutor and pupil became inseparable friends; so that an old peasant frau, to whose house the two had been taken by the village pastor for some refreshment, asked: "Which is the Prince and which the tutor?" and when told, she said, "Ah, a fine young man, but he has none of the airs of a prince." It was ever a joy for him to go about incognito among the common people, to fraternise with them, to partake their fare and join their sports. In country towns he was wont to go to the early morning markets, and was seen piloting his way about among stalls and baskets, and even playfully chaffing with the white-kerchiefed peasant women about the price of their produce. Of course, from his height of six foot three and from the inborn dignity of his address, disguise was not easy.

On attaining his eighteenth year he obtained his commission and became a recognized personality in the State, but he took no active part in politics, not merely from his subordinate position, but from his father's autocratic rule, and afterwards from his dislike of the "blood and iron" measures of Bismarck. Going back to the event of his majority, we see that the coping-stone of his education had not been put on in a University course, so from eighteen to twenty he was a student at Bonn, dwelling in the grim old castle overlooking the Rhine. These were years of intellectual gain as well as of enjoyment. So far from living apart from the body of his fellow-students, he was wholly and heartily one with them; he lived their life, did their work, and joined in their sports. It was in this cap and gown period that he came to England on the occasion of the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, and carried back with him in a golden locket a miniature portrait of our Princess Royal, then a girl of eleven, and dreamt the dream of his first love, which dream came true in their after marriage.

He would not have been a German prince had he not become a soldier; indeed, he was a soldier born and bred. At the tender age of seven, and only standing four feet high, he was a full-fledged private in the Prussian Guards, and knew all his soldier's drill. If his promotion was rapid, he never moved a grade up without having mastered all his duties; he went through all the drudgery of the commonest soldier; theoretical studies did not satisfy him; he must win his promotion. He was not long a captain before he knew every man in his company personally; he had an eye upon every one and every detail of equipment and service. When camped out in the open he slept round the camp fire with the rest; he never allowed himself to be treated differently from his fellows; he would not be a petted feather-bed soldier. His frank address made him a delightful companion, open and accessible to every one.

In Breslau, after a heavy fall of snow, there was only one narrow track; he met a boy coming; he would not allow him to turn back or plunge into the snow, so he took the boy and lifted him over his shoulder. Children adored him and ran to him. He saw a child fall and break the jug she was carrying, and he ran to lift her up, dried her tears, and put a sovereign into her hand. The story of the broken jug was known in Wiesbaden for many a year.

Madame Poschinger gives a good descriptive letter of him in the period of his early manhood with a significant vignette of General von Moltke, written by the Empress Eugenie, when Napoleon III. was

at the height of his fame: "The Prince is a handsome man, a head taller than the Emperor, well-built, straw-coloured mustachios, a German such as Tacitus described; a man of chivalrous politeness, not without something that reminds one of Hamlet. His companion, a Herr von Moltke (or something like that), a silent man, nothing less than a dreamer; always on his guard, and putting other people on theirs. They are an imposing race, the Germans. The Emperor says, the race of the future." That this "silent man" was no "dreamer," Napoleon was destined to know in 1870-1, in a terrible fashion. Of the beautiful romance of his betrothal to our Princess Royal, and the gift of the sprig of white heather at Balmoral, as well as of their happy marriage in January, 1858, and their after blissful life together, we cannot stay to speak.

The Prince's combined dignity and simplicity won the hearts of the British people. It was these same qualities that caused the Germans themselves, both civilians at home and soldiers in camp, to speak of him as "unser Fritz." One of the shrewdest men of his time remarked, "One cannot merely *like* him, one must *love* him." It would be the merest affectation to claim for him, as a soldier, equal rank with Moltke, Von Roon, Steinmetz, or even his cousin, the dashing "Red Prince," but on the renowned fields of Sadowa, in 1886, and again, 1870, at Wissembourg, Worth, as well as at the terrible *debacle* of Sedan, and afterwards before Paris, he showed the highest qualities of generalship, and most honourably won his baton of Field Marshal.

Though his filial relations with his father were never as much as strained, he could not, and did not, approve his policy of government. Contrary to his repeated promise to his son, the old king delivered himself and the whole policy of the country into Bismarck's hands. Both in the struggle between the Crown and the Constitution on the Army Bill, and the subsequent Bismarckian rule, he disagreed with his father and his great minister. No one can help admiring the consummate tact with which he steered his course through these troubled waters. It was bruited about that he was not loyal, that he favoured democrats, but his filial love and personal dignity prevented him from taking any notice of such accusations. His only reply was, "I do not intend to rediscuss views which I am well known to hold." It was a far harder task to keep silence, in public, under the covert opposition to his wife, and the badly veiled contempt of Bismarck.

In the 1887 jubilee of our Queen he was, with his grand bearing and white uniform, the most striking figure in the great functions of that event, although the hand of death was on him at the time. It had become only too apparent that a serious ailment in the throat was at work, which went on until malignant cancer ended the earthly career of one of the noblest and purest lives of our time. On the 8th of March, 1888, his venerated and venerable father died at the age of ninety-one, so that this new Emperor Frederick only reigned three months. On the early morning of June 13th, Frederick the Third, "a man of commanding intellect," died at Potsdam. Though dying all the time he took the liveliest interest in public affairs, and kept the reins in his own hands, and evidence was not wanting to show that had he been spared his rule would have been as beneficent and wise as it was strong. In the height of his suffering he said to his son, the present Kaiser: "Lerne zu leiden ohne Klagen—learn to suffer without complaining." He went down to the grave leaving us the memory and example of a stainless life and a beautiful death.—*H.E.G., in Primitive Methodist Magazine.*

METHODISM: ITS FOUNDER, MISSIONS AND OPPORTUNITY.

BY THE REV. JOHN H. GOODMAN.

Frederick W. Robertson has somewhere pointed out the inferiority of the man who fumes, bristles up, strikes terror, and carries his point by force and fury, to the man who is calm and patient, who suffers and believes, who takes hold of powers invisible save to the eye of faith, and instead of attempting to do the impossible thing of escaping all adversities, bears them, conquers by bearing, and so gains the highest good. It is the victory of repose.

John the Baptist had such sublime assurance. His self-denial, intrepid courage, and childlike humility were born of the sense of God's presence, and from such a tiny rill there flowed the mighty river of the great Church catholic which has enriched and fertilized the fields of the world. John described himself as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord." He made a great impression on the nations. As a great thinker has said: "Apart from the wonderful effect of this message on the theocratic nations, we need only to look back on the Middle Ages, or into the history of Methodism, to be convinced how speedily a great preacher of repentance, simply as such, can agitate the popular mind. We may here be reminded how the theses of Luther spread like wildfire." John the Baptist has been compared to a burning torch; his public life to an earthquake; the whole man a sermon; the genius and conscience of a nation. Those whom God sends come at the right time; earth moves beneath their step, their word has power and their works live.

John Chrysostom was such a man. He left the pagan sophist for the Christian priest; and by study of the Bible and meditation on holy things became, through God's grace and extraordinary oratorical gifts, the leader of the Church of God. Chrysostom had much of the spirit of St. John, which flamed out at times, as did his when he desired to call fire from heaven to destroy the Samaritan village. When a silver statue of Eudoxia, the Empress, was raised on a column of porphyry in front of the church of St. Sophia, and consecrated with idolatrous ceremonies and licentious rites, Chrysostom gave a warning. Eudoxia accepted it as a challenge. Chrysostom went farther; he is reported to have said in the pulpit, "Again Herodias is dancing; again she demands the head of John on a charger." The Empress now determined to get rid of the man. He was dragged into exile until Death, the angel of deliverance, beckoned him to his last march. Says a brilliant Frenchman: "It is the property of separation and of death to concentrate the power of memory upon the absent. They are born again in us; and looking into the depths of our souls, we find them there, we see them and hear them."

John Wesley was such a man. When his brother Charles, alarmed at ordination, besought him to stop and consider before he had quite broken down the bridge, and not embitter Charles' last moments on earth, nor leave an indelible blot on their memory, John replied that he would save as many souls as he could while alive, without being careful what might possibly be after

he was dead. Two well-known pictures represent the child Wesley hardly rescued from the burning parsonage at Epworth, and the aged Wesley dying in the house at City Road. They are companion pictures in more senses than one, for they represent a life-long providential guidance and a glowing translation into the home and heaven of God.

He was a great man. Friends and foes alike acknowledge this. The Wesley family has been traced back to Saxon times. In the days of Athelstan, the Saxon, Guy Wesley was created a member of parliament, and the genealogy can be traced in an unbroken line to Samuel Wesley, the father of the Reformer. Charterhouse School, Christ Church and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford, connect the life with learning and piety. But it was not till after a long and fruitless search that he found the pearl of great price. And his spiritual state is the only explanation of his career. This saving faith he obtained at a Moravian meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, while listening to the reading of Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. "I felt," he says, "my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins."

It is a long sweep from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, from the London of the early period to the New York of to-day. But it will show how the human heart is the same in all ages if we place by the side of John Wesley's experience that of a distinguished American. He says: "It pleased God to lift upon me such a view of Christ as one whose nature and office it is to have infinite and exquisite pity upon the weakness and want of sinners as I had never had before. I saw that He had compassion on them because they were sinners, and because He wanted to help them out of their sins. It came to me like the bursting forth of spring. It was as if yesterday there was not a bird to be seen or heard, and as if to-day the woods were full of singing birds. There rose up before me a view of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners—not of saints, but of sinners unconverted before they were any better—because they were so bad and needed so much. I felt that God had a father's heart; that Christ loved me in my sin, and would help me out of sin; and it seemed to me that I had everything I needed."

This transfiguration becomes an inspiration. John Wesley began to preach personal salvation—God's grace free in all and free for all. Thus began the third Reformation, for Wesley, as one has said, "the birthday of a Christian was shifted from his baptism to his conversion; and in that change the partition line of two great systems is crossed." He subordinated all things to Christ—ease, learning, oratory, services, sacraments, ambitions—all things. Macaulay describes him as a man "whose eloquence and logical acuteness might have made him eminent in literature, whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, and who, whatever his errors may have been, devoted all his powers, in defiance of obloquy and derision, to what he sincerely considered as the highest good of his species." But Macaulay did not discover the spiritual reasons. A new life had begun. And life begets life. As Wesley preached a present pardon, a possible sanctity, and a future heaven, Church doors were closed against him. But preach he must. If he cannot find a pulpit he must make one. The fields were open to him, as was the hillside to the Master whom he

served. The village green, the market square, were public to him, and thronged at all hours, late and early, to listen to his magic voice. He became a travelling preacher. The emphasis is on travelling. He travelled 4,500 miles a year, and this for fifty years. He preached often thrice a day. He seemed endowed with supernatural strength. He was another Elijah with loins braced, journeying to the Mountain of Duty.

Societies grew. Those who were blessed by him became attracted to him. He ordained preachers; created a lay pastorate; established schools; wrote books for the common people; and founded churches in every part of the land. To quote the words of one whose eloquent lips, humanly speaking, Death sealed too early—Morley Punshon: "John Howard blessed his loving words, and under the inspiration went forth to his prison journeys with greater heart than ever. Bishop Lowth sat at his feet, and hoped he might be found there in another world; and Alexander Knox kindled into raptures as he recalled the fine old man with a child's heart and a seraphic face, realizing his own ideal of angelic goodness." He toiled on, and in his toil rejoiced, until the Death Angel led him out of the wilderness of his wanderings into the Land of Promise on the second day of March, 1791.

The story of all the way the Lord our God hath led us from then till now is a romance of truth; a history of miraculous intervention; a continuation of the book of the Acts of the Apostles. Bishop Newman's rhetoric can be proved by dull figures and cold prose: "The very heavens have been telling that Wesley was right, and that his critics were wrong. The success of Methodism is the marvel of two centuries. The vastness of her population belting the globe, the multitudes annually converted, the saintliness of her membership, the spirituality and scholarship of her ministers, the largeness of her contributions, the power of her press, the number of her temples of piety, schools of learning and houses of mercy, and the vigour wherewith she is pushing forward the conquest of the world by her Home and Foreign Missions, are facts that indicate that the Lord is with His people. Since the birth of Methodism there has been no other distinctive religious movement in the Church of God. There have been modifications of creeds, changes in Church polity, revival of formal Churches, organizations to meet special forms of vice and misery, and special classes in society, but nothing that rises to the dignity and proportions of a great Reformation."

At Wesley's death there were 541 preachers, and 134,579 members.

To-day throughout the world there are nearly 5,000,000 of church members, 100,000 ministers and lay preachers, 4,500,000 Sunday-school children, and adherents somewhere between 23,000,000 and 25,000,000. An oratorical American, not one of themselves, speaking of the Methodists, says: "They sang their way all over England, and the hooting of persecution could not silence them. They sang their way across the Atlantic, and the ocean hurricane could not beat down the song. They sang all the way across this land—for they have got to San Francisco, and the moaning of the wind in the wild woods could not overpower their melody." The Hymn Book, next only to the Bible, has been the magical cause of their fearless courage. John was pre-eminently the preacher; Charles the poet of Methodism. Charles is our David, whose harp soothes us to-day. He desired that his hymns

should be like the songs of the angels, giving glory to God in the highest. Methodism has always been a social religion. It was born in the Church. It was baptized as a Society. It has grown to manhood. It claims rights—the right to think and speak for itself. It is a Church.

And now A GREAT OPPORTUNITY is opening to us. A new century is dawning. The world is beckoning. It needs our Gospel. Our capacity was never so great. We have numbers, and wealth, and organization, and enthusiasm. Says one of our sons: "John Wesley has never 'passed away;' he has simply entered into a perpetual present tense; he was; he is." Hundreds of thousands still neglect the Gospel. The Churches have not wholly neglected them. But greater adaptation is possible; greater success may be assured. We belong to the people; the people belong to us. Not in a merely denominational sense. The Churches are called to Christianize the world. This is the only reason for their existence. "I saw in Natal," says the late James Anthony Froude, "a colossal fig tree. It had a central stem, but I knew not where the centre was, for the branches bent to the ground, and struck root there; and at each joint a fresh trunk shot up erect, and threw out new branches in turn, which again arched and planted themselves, till the single tree had become a forest, and overhead was spread a vast dome of leaves and fruit, which was supported on innumerable columns like the roof of some vast cathedral." Mr. Froude applies this to England and her colonies; let us apply it to the Churches—the Churches in general, our own in particular.

The world is around us. Men are born—they sin—they suffer—they die. They have need to hear of One who came to save sinners—to comfort the troubled—and to guide all pilgrims through the Pass of Death. Impelled by the ever-pressure and everywhere presence of these let us work and watch; pray and praise; devise and give. And then let the dying prayer of Samuel Jackson be our daily prayer: "Lord, show Thy people the best way of carrying on Thy work."—*Methodist Times.*

IN "GOD'S ACRE."

BY AUGUSTA HELEN THOMPSON.

I wander though the silent city,
You cannot see me; cannot know
How with heart full of love and pity
I watch you, and think of one year ago
When you and I sat on the selfsame stone
On which to-day you sit, dear, all alone.

I walk to where you sit. I touch your hand,
But you move not. I am so near,
And yet how can you understand
The mystery which parts us now? You drop a tear,
Thinking of happy days that *were* to be
And longing for the sweet old times and me.

Beside us is a new-made mound,
You look at it, you worship that poor clod,
You tenderly scatter flowers around
And think that all most dear lies 'neath the sod.
O love! If I could only tell
How happy I am now—and well.

You say all joy is gone, and weep,
Thinking of lonely days to come;
No wonder, since you think that sleep
Has claimed me now for e'er. Your home
Has lost its charm. If you could learn
How happy I am now, would it return?

You do not know yet. So beside
That foolish mound you sit and mourn
Thinking that all your hopes have died
And dreading life so lonely and forlorn
While I, whom you think dead, am hovering near,
That with my shadowy presence I may cheer.

Newburgh, Ont.

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

One of James' greatest pleasures in his new life was to accompany Joshua to the creamery, or to the post-office, behind the handsome, spirited team of black horses, of which Joshua was so proud, and which yielded such wonderful submission to his voice and touch. Jill was the older and more experienced horse of the two, and Joshua explained to his little companion that Jack, being a colt, notwithstanding his superior size, had from the first to be hitched to a quieter mate in order to be "broken in," and it was still unsafe to drive him alone.

There was nothing more delightful than these rides in the early morning through lonely autumn woods and up a winding mountain road, which sometimes appeared so narrow that little James held his breath with excitement when they came face to face with another team, especially if they passed on the outside and could look down the precipitous slope, and feel the front wheel of their tilting waggon crushing the soft moss and underbrush that covered the sides of the ravine up to the very edge of the road.

The prancing, pawing and plunging of the excited Jack at such times were perfectly thrilling to behold, and your Little Brother would laugh fearlessly and look with delight into the strong, dark face of his companion, relaxing just a little to smile at the antics of his colt, as he tightened the rein and recovered control by a quick word of command.

"You don't never have to lick him?" observed little James, after Jack had pranced and snorted more than usual, plunging forward at times as if to break loose altogether from the traces.

"It's no use to lick him when he don't mean to be ugly," replied Joshua serenely; "he's only feelin' good this morning."

"You don't lick nothin', do yer?" said James, with a sudden, shy glance; "not even boys, do yer?"

"I don't know as I ever had any special call to lick boys," answered Joshua reflectively. "I never had but one, and he—well, Emmy and me didn't ever say a cross word to him in our lives, but he's gone, Jamie, and we haven't had any little boys around till you come."

James glanced up again, and Joshua answered the look with his half-melancholy smile, as he put the reins into his hands and bade him drive up the hill.

It was soon found necessary, however, to devise some method of punishment for the extraordinary misdeeds of your Little Brother, whose ingenuity in planning mischief was equalled only by the guileless innocence with which he met reproof.

Joshua's most severe punishment was a refusal to take the boy with him on his trips, and he then remained with Emeline, and divided his attentions between the five kittens in the barn, and the ever-playful Rover, whom he loved dearly and conversed with as if he were a human being. However keen his disappointment, his prevailing sweetness of temper prevented any exhibition of temper or sulkiness. He waited on Emeline with amiable alacrity, carrying in armfuls of wood and pails of water, and performing various other little chores with the gallantry of a chevalier. But he had no sooner won her approbation than he was discovered in some naughty prank that threw her into the greatest discouragement.

"It seems as if he was the slyest young one that ever lived!" exclaimed Emeline one evening, after their small charge had been securely tucked in bed. "Whenever I think I know where he's at, he's just sure to turn up somewhere else."

"I wouldn't mind so much," observed Joshua, knitting his brows, "if he'd only quit lying, but you know, Emeline, he can lie and look you right in the face as innocent as an angel."

Finally Joshua informed little James that lies were henceforth to be punished severely, but the truth frankly told would save him from punishment, however grave the misdeed. To his surprise this announcement worked like a charm. Your Little Brother accepted it literally, and with the most engaging candour

confessed every fault as soon as questioned. This was a relief to Joshua, but his capacity for wrong-doing, or at least for mischief, was something abnormal. Nothing in the house, the barn, or the tool-chest was to be found in its place since the arrival of little James. The rake was left out-of-doors to rust in the rain, the carriage whip was used for a fishing line, and every spool of cotton, thimble and five-cent piece, if left within reach, found its way into the capacious pockets of the little boarder's trousers.

Emeline lived in a state of constant anxiety, and was never at rest unless she knew that the boy was with Joshua, whom he followed devotedly from one end of the farm to the other.

As for sending him to school, the society strongly advised a postponement until he should become accustomed to his new surroundings, but he was already eager to go.

On Sunday, he accompanied them to the North Elk church, where he looked so beautiful in his best clothes, and gazed at the minister with such absorbing interest, that the whole congregation watched him with admiration.

"This is our little boy," Emeline would say proudly, when the service was over, as, with her hand upon his shoulder, she returned the greetings of friends and neighbours.

"We think a great deal of him, and we hope he's beginning to think as much of us."

"I wish we had just such a little boy," many of the neighbours would say longingly. "I would like to have one just like him," and Emeline frequently gave them the address of the society.

Little James accepted this adulation with delight, and held up his head proudly, giving a winning smile to every one who announced a deep interest in "Emeline's boy."

Although filled with a strange, ecstatic sense of happiness, he accepted his new life without questioning the future or reflecting on the past. He realized, however, that he had been transplanted to a higher social atmosphere, and the fact, however vaguely understood, caused him deep satisfaction.

One day Joshua announced that he expected to visit a small town about twenty miles away to purchase some sheep, and, as he proposed to drive them home himself, he would probably be absent several days. Your Little Brother begged to accompany him, but Joshua thought the trip too fatiguing, and made his plans to start alone and on horseback.

Emeline and James went in the buggy as far as Great Elk, where Joshua left them. The eyes of your Little Brother filled with tears as Emeline turned Jill's head homeward, and started up the road that skirted the first ridge they had to cross. Not even the pleasure of driving Jill all the way home could quite compensate him for Joshua's absence, and the crushing disappointment of being left behind.

It had early been discovered that little James' mind must be occupied if it were to be kept out of mischief, and Emeline did her best to overcome his loneliness by inventing countless errands to the barnyard, unheard-of attentions to the cattle, sheep and chickens, all of which were dear to your Little Brother's heart. Most ready was he at all times to serve them—and he was becoming as gentle and courteous in his treatment of them as Joshua himself; but after he had thrown down enough hay to last Jill a week, and had fed her on all the mixtures of grain that the barn afforded, and had curried the colt, and watered both so often that they refused to take another sip, there was really nothing else to be done in the barn until milking time, and that was several hours off yet.

He wandered about disconsolately, idly throwing grains of corn to a regiment of clucking hens that were following close to his heels, and which he scared away by charging on them suddenly with outspread arms; but even this diversion grew flat and unprofitable after the third or fourth repetition. The day dragged on to a close, but ended cheerily enough, with Emeline knitting a pair of mittens for him by the light of the hanging lamp, requiring frequent measurements and much discussion as to their shape and style.

But the next day was just as tiresome. He missed Joshua sadly, and, to make matters worse, Rover had been taken to assist Joshua with the sheep, and this left him no playfellow but the kittens. He helped Emeline churn, and aided her manfully in all her little tasks about the house, but his conversation turned continually on Joshua. He wondered how many sheep he had bought, and if he had

secured any lambs, and, if so, how could they make such a long journey on their little legs?

"If I was there," he kept repeating, "I'd help Joshua so that he wouldn't lose no time, and if them little lambs got tired, I'd carry 'em part of the way. Me and Joshua can git a lot o' work done when we git at it together."

The third day found him restless

"HE ACCOMPANIED THEM TO THE NORTH ELK CHURCH."

and silent. Emeline had promised him a feast of nuts and molasses candy in the evening, and sent him to gather a fresh supply of chestnuts, but it was evident that his mind was not on chestnuts.

His thoughts were now running on something that carried the active little imagination back to the city. Joshua, before starting, had removed a large, old-fashioned silver watch, with chain attached, from his waistcoat pocket, and hung it on a nail in the sitting-room, where it ticked out the minutes just three-quarters of an hour behind time. This watch kept ticking in little James' ear wherever he went, and he longed to take it down and examine it. It ticked on just as loudly when he went out to the barn as it did in the sitting-room.

After awhile he concluded that he might just as well take it down, as Emeline was busily engaged in the milk-house. Mounting a chair, he gently lifted the chain from the nail, and held the shining thing in his hand for a second—and the next found it in his pocket. There was no use staying in the house with the watch in his pocket. To examine it thoroughly he would have to go out-of-doors.

Emeline saw him starting out of the door with his cap pulled down over his curls, and shading his eyes. She asked where he was going.

"Just to git a few more o' them nuts," he answered carelessly, and edged around the side of the house—then across the road, over the fence, and through the fields. He reached the woods, and sat down on the fallen trunk of a tree, where he reflected on the strange fact that the watch was not in pawn.

"Why doesn't Joshua hock it?" queried little James impatiently.

After awhile he became convinced that Joshua didn't hock it because he didn't know how. Your Little Brother turned it over in his hands meditatively.

"I could buy him something nice if I'd hock it—a pair of driving gloves; he'd like them better than the watch. He doesn't care for the watch."

"Yes; I must hock it," whispered little James, slipping the watch gently into his pocket.

"Joshua wants his driving gloves. It's not a good watch. Joshua says it doesn't keep good time." This was indeed very true, but it was not expected to do more than suggest remotely the time of day. When Joshua was out in the field, he looked always at the sun instead of his watch, as it was not only more correct, but vastly more convenient. But he always wore the watch with his Sunday clothes.

James started off slowly in the direction of North Elk village, but quickened his pace—now taking the

road and again the field—when he saw that he was likely to meet some one who might recognize him as "Emeline's boy."

There were but three stores in the village—a drug store that served as a post-office; a small millinery establishment, and a larger general store, in which a great variety of merchandise was displayed, with a very limited choice of each kind of ware.

Your Little Brother walked up and down the road that served as a main street of the town, finding a fresh cause for embarrassment at every step. He often accompanied Joshua to the village, but never before came alone, and the number of persons who now hailed him with good-natured recognition, and inquired after the health of Emeline and Joshua, filled him with distress and alarm. With the usual inquisitiveness of country people, they wanted to know why he came alone and on foot, to which your Little Brother replied:

"She ain't feelin' well this mornin', so I come to git somethin' for her," the pronoun, when slightly emphasized, being understood as referring to the mistress of the house.

Finally, after a thoughtful study of the three gaily trimmed hats that adorned the milliner's window, James retraced his steps and entered the general store, where he discovered Mr. Marsh, the proprietor, sitting behind the counter engrossed in a newspaper.

The little boy slid forward sideways, relieved to find himself the only customer in the store. He paused in front of Mr. Marsh, who surveyed him good-naturedly over the rim of his spectacles.

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" he inquired, with a wintry smile, intended to restore the confidence of a youthful customer, in whose pocket a bashful coin was doubtless burning the inevitable hole.

"I got this—what kin yer gimme for it?" gasped your Little Brother in a husky stage whisper, producing the watch, and laying it on the counter. The words came forth glibly enough from long habit, but the painful embarrassment of the moment was new. Never before had he experienced such nervousness! Mr. Marsh was an elderly man, and his hearing was not acute. He failed to catch the meaning of your Little Brother's words, but he looked at the watch and chain with great surprise.

"Why, isn't this Joshua Hillis' watch, and ain't you his Boy?" he asked, looking sharply through his spectacles at his small customer.

"Yes, sir," answered James, seized with sudden trembling, and terrified at the prompt recognition of both the watch and himself. "It ain't a-goin' right—Joshua wants to have it fixed so it'll keep good time."

"He didn't send you down here with it, did he?" questioned the storekeeper, suspiciously. "Joshua knows there ain't no watchmaker nearer than Millersport."

"Emeline wants it mended," answered your Little Brother, his usual inventiveness coming to the rescue. "But I guess she'll have to wait till he gets home—I'll tell her," and he seized the watch and hastily returned it to his pocket. The storekeeper followed the boy to the door.

"You take that watch right back home with you, Boy, do you hear? I'll stand here, and mind you start right off up that hill."

Little James was only too thankful to escape from the store without further questioning, and started up the hill road as fast as his legs could carry him. He turned his head occasionally, and saw the figure of the storekeeper at the door, his hand shading his eyes, which were still following the vanishing form of your guilty Little Brother. This sight caused more dismay and terror to the small fugitive than a whole regiment of policemen. He travelled the homeward road breathlessly, feeling as if the entire village were following him with angry, piercing eyes, demanding the return of the watch to its rightful owner.

"I didn't mean no harm," muttered the child. "They don't know nothin' 'bout hockin' up here. They thinks I meant to steal Joshua's watch. I wouldn't steal nothin' of Joshua's, he's too good to me. I only meant to hock it."

It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the foot of the steep hill on which lay the Hillis farm. He stopped at a little wooden bridge, made of beams and planks, through which the rushing water could be seen below. He stood gazing absently for a few minutes into a whirling eddy, which he imagined might conceal the much-prized and talked-of trout of those mountain streams, when his ear caught the distant bleat of a lamb in distress. The pitiful wail was re-

peated again, and he could not fail to note the direction from which it came.

He sprang over the fence and followed the cry some distance through the stony field. There were no sheep in this field, but the bleating became every moment more distinct to his ear. At last he discerned a thin, forlorn, little lamb, securely fastened between the barbed wires of a low fence, and making frantic efforts to escape.

Your Little Brother's heart beat quickly with indignation and pity, as he hastened to release the frightened animal. He discovered that it was badly cut and bleeding about the neck, and that its front right leg was lacerated and swollen so that it could not walk.

"It's that mean old Slocum," he muttered, angrily, "puttin' up his wire-fence to hurt Joshua's lambs! Joshua wouldn't have no such fence on his farm." He bound up the wounded leg with his handkerchief, lifted the frightened creature in his arms, and started up the hillside toward the pasture in which Joshua's flock of sheep was grazing.

"If Joshua could see it, he'd have it indoors, and me and Emeline feedin' it on bread and milk till it got well," he thought, as he sat down with the lamb in his arms beside the stone fence that outlined the pasture on the hill-top.

The thought of the watch in his pocket stole over him just then with acute dismay. He was both hungry and cold, as he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and the chilly October air of the mountains made him shiver and long for the firelight and comfort of the Hillis kitchen, but it was impossible to return to the house. His only hope of shelter for the night was to steal inside the barn after milking, and after all the chores had been completed by the faithful Emeline, and there he might rest with the lamb in his arms until morning. After that he would go away—he did not know where—but go he must beyond all possibility of discovery by those whom he had robbed.

He hugged the lamb close to his heart, and the tears stole down his cheeks. Never more would he sleep in that little white bed with the picture of the devout Samuel greeting his eyes at daybreak!

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly, a familiar sound broke on his ear. It was the bark of the impetuous and over-zealous Rover, doubtless engaged in driving the cows homeward for milking. Then Joshua must be home! If he could only explain that he had not meant to steal the watch, but to exchange it for driving gloves!

To face Joshua then, however, was a physical and moral impossibility. It was now almost dark, and he could still hear Rover's barking, which seemed to be coming nearer.

The dog suddenly bounded forward, and sprang joyfully upon little James, who shook him off desperately, clinging with all his might to the struggling lamb. Rover turned and barked with fresh zeal, and James beheld a moving light in the distance. It was the gleam of Joshua's lantern, and he was rapidly ascending the hill. Rover continued to bark, and your Little Brother laid himself on the ground, and hugged the lamb to his breast. Joshua came forward and turned the glare of the lantern on the prostrate figure.

"You ain't to stay out here in the cold, Jamie. What's this you've got?"

"It's a lamb that's hurted," murmured your Little Brother, holding up the wounded animal. Joshua took it in his strong arms, and carried it gently down the hill. James took the lantern, and without any further explanation they went together to the house, from which a bright light was now streaming. Emeline opened the door with an exclamation of relief, and the boy entered the kitchen, and sat down on a stool near the stove.

Joshua meanwhile took the wounded lamb to the barn, where the mother was bewailing its loss. It belonged to the number he had just purchased, and had strayed from the road as they approached the foot of the hill.

Emeline disappeared into the cupboard, wiping her eyes, and returned with a well-filled plate and a glass of milk, which she laid on the table.

"There's your supper," she said coldly and sadly. "You've no need to go hungry to bed. I want you to sit down and eat your supper, Jamie." Your Little Brother obeyed and drew a chair toward the table, but the food choked him, and he could not eat.

"There's the molasses candy and the roast chestnuts I promised you this morning. You're welcome to them, because I said you could have them for helping me churn yesterday; I don't make promises to break 'em. Eat your nuts, Jamie."

Emeline's fidelity to her promise of nuts and candy, in the face of his misdemeanour, smote him with a still deeper sense of his own unworthiness; but he merely turned his head away in what seemed to be a stubborn silence.

"I've been looking for you all day, Jamie, and Joshua, he's been doing the same since he got back with the sheep. It was good of you to take up the poor little lamb. I always said you had a good heart; but why didn't you think of us, who was beginning to love you as our own child, and me not able to bear you out of my sight unless you happened to be with Joshua? How could you disgrace us so? To think that we should harbour a little boy who'd act the part of a thief!" Emeline's voice broke, and she stopped for breath.

Little James sat speechless and choking with unfamiliar and inexpressible emotions. Not the prison cell, nor the penal discipline of the reformatory, nor any of the well-meant efforts of Sunday-school teachers and philanthropists had ever caused the strange, passionate anguish which now filled that little breast. His eyes were burning, and his ears ringing.

He rose from the table, and groped for his hat, which was hanging on a peg within reach, and Emeline heard him say, between heavy sobs:

"I ain't like you-uns; I'm going back to the city to find my mother. I tell yer—I ain't like you-uns," and he struggled to free himself from the sudden clasp of her arms. Emeline drew him gently to a large arm-chair, in which she seated herself while she held him close with an encircling arm—he was not hard to hold, for, after all, he was but a little child of nine.

"We'd begun to love you as if you was our own little boy," she whispered. "You didn't mean to rob us, did you? Where did you leave the watch? Tell me before Joshua comes in."

"It's here," returned the child, drawing it out of his pocket and laying it in her lap. "It ain't hurt any. Will Joshua send me away when he comes in? You tell him I was only goin' to hock it," and laying his head in Emeline's lap, he shut his eyes in shame and dread of facing Joshua, and continued to cry silently.

Poor Emeline looked pale and exhausted when Joshua returned from the barn. She restored the watch to its place on the wall, and called Joshua's attention to it, and to James' explanation, which remained forever mysteriously unintelligible to both of them. He made no comment, but sat down before the stove to warm his hands and feet.

"He ain't touched his supper, Emmy," said Joshua, after a silence of a few minutes, during which he had stared at the child and then at the table. "He'd better eat, for it's after his bedtime."

Thus encouraged, James sat down timidly and dutifully, and ate what he could of the bread and milk, which no longer choked him. Every now and then he looked up shyly at Joshua, who surveyed him with an air of great perplexity.

"I presume he's sorry for what he's done, Joshua," said Emeline, gently, "and he wants you to forgive him."

"I don't bear any malice so far as the watch is concerned," began Joshua slowly; "but I'm thinkin' Emeline, that maybe we'd better not talk any more about this matter to-night. The child's tired out, and so are you. We can think it over to-morrow, and if James's a mind to stay with us, he'll agree never to do an action of this kind again. The watch is back in its place, and our boy is back with us, and we're glad it's no worse. I presume he'd better be getting to bed now. I'll see him undressed, Emmy, while you clear away the dishes."

He took a small lamp from the mantel and lighted it, while your Little Brother gazed at him with his soul in his eyes. Never was there a man as strong and as gentle as Joshua!

In a very few minutes he was snugly tucked in his little feather-bed, and Joshua heard him say the prayer that Emeline had taught him. When he had finished, with his hand on Joshua's arm, he said:

"Do you know what makes me so bad, Joshua?" He paused and looked anxiously into the face of his care-taker. "You won't like me no more, Joshua, when I'm done tellin' you this; but I ain't goin' to keep nothin' back from you-uns. I ain't got no father like other boys; I ain't

had nothin' but a mother all along. I can't never be good nor go to heaven like other boys, because—of her"—his voice sank to a whisper, and Joshua had to bend his head still lower—"the boys in the Reform School (where I got put, you know, Joshua, for running away) they said it's in the Bible that boys what has mothers like her can't never be saved nor inherit the kingdom of heaven—all the boys there say so. There's more there like me, and the Bible says they can't never inherit the kingdom of heaven. Did you-uns know I was that kind of a boy ?"

The little white-robed figure sat with head bowed and hands clasped, as if cowering beneath the mantle of parental shame ; but an angel carved in marble, and shedding marble tears over a fallen world, would not have seemed more radiantly pure than did your Little Brother at that moment to Joshua. To his deep and tender nature, the divine compassion once so freely bestowed on an erring woman could do no less than illumine the brow of her forsaken child with a tragic, holy innocence.

But in this heart-breaking acceptance on the part of your Little Brother of eternal condemnation for sins not his own, Joshua read an explanation of the child's mysteriously complex nature—and surely that blighting consciousness of evil might be removed ere it did further damage!

He laid his large hand gently on the boy's forehead.

"Probably your beginning in life ain't been as regular as we'd like to have it—not the same as if you'd belonged always to Emeline and me, which is what we would have chosen if we'd been consulted—but it is just as true as Gospel, Jamie, that the Lord made you and sent you to us to take the place of him we lost. There ain't any use going back of that, and I don't allow as you have any right to ask for more than one pair of parents, which is all the law requires, and that's Emeline and me. Why, if you had another father and mother to claim you, where'd we come in ? We want you for our own boy, and we ain't goin' shares with any one, not if you turned out to be the President's son. The Lord gave you to us, and He told Emeline and me to be father and mother to you, and we're going to have you all to ourselves, and give you our own name, and have you baptized in the church yonder."

"Will it be just the same as if I was your own boy, Joshua ? Just exactly the same ?" asked your Little Brother, looking up with shining eyes.

"Just the same, exactly," repeated Joshua, firmly ; "there ain't any particle of difference."

"Then maybe I kin git to heaven—do you think that, too, Joshua ?"

"If you love and fear God, and mind what the Good Book says," answered Joshua, never forgetful of his simple theology ; "and there isn't anything in that Book about what you mention. Not a word. Emeline and me read our Bible every night and we know chapters of it by heart, so don't you tell that to anybody again—not even to Emeline—for it ain't true. It's just a story got up to scare little boys, and there ain't any use repeatin' it, for it might scare some folks as is old enough to know better. Some women-folks is narvous-like over stories, and kinder dream they're true. It make them uncomfortable to hear such tales, so don't you be repeatin' it anywhere. There's free grace for all, Jamie, if we love God and serve Him. You've heard the minister say that Sundays. I presume you're goin' to get grace some day, and be like the rest of us folks who's trying to follow the heavenly way ? You ain't too young to come out in meetin', Jamie—not a bit—and it would please Emeline wonderful to see you rise up and speak out firm for the Lord some day. Then you'll be our little boy always, who'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear, won't you ?"

Little James nodded for answer, and his face became radiant and then thoughtful as he raised his eyes to Joshua's.

"But I kin have a new necktie, Joshua, when I come out before the meetin', just for that Sunday, Joshua ? And one o' them white shirts with collars to 'em, all done up stiff ?"

Joshua covered him up in bed and tucked the heavy quilts in closely.

"I presume Emeline'll see that your clothes is all right and proper, Jamie, on that occasion. You're awful hard on your clothes, and we've bought you a sight o' neckties already, but I presume we ain't goin' to see you lookin' shabby that Sunday, but you must put your mind on some things above neckties, and mind what the minister says."

"That's what I'll do," replied James,

nodding with gravity. "I know I ain't to think of my clothes when I'm gettin' grace, but I want to look nice, and as if I belonged to you-uns—I won't swear, nor steal, nor tell lies, nor do nothin' wrong, Joshua, after this—I've most forgot all them bad words a'ready that I used to know. She taught them to me, 'cause she said 'em herself. She hadn't ought to act so, had she, when I was her only little boy? She won't go to heaven, will she, Joshua? I presume they won't want her there. I presume she can't git there, 'cause she don't know nothin' about grace, and I hope nobody won't tell her, don't you, Joshua?"

"That ain't a Christian spirit to show to your poor mother," said Joshua, reprovingly. "If you get grace you must pray for all poor souls that has missed the light, and your mother first of all."

"Maybe she's dead now, anyways," answered little James, hopefully. "I ain't heerd tell of her for many a day afore I come here. She can't git grace after she's dead, can she, Joshua? I'll pray for her if you say so, but I don't think prayin' 'll do her any good. She's awful bad, Joshua."

"With God all things is possible, Jamie; you leave her sins to God, and say your prayers for her nights, and tell Him that you forgive her as you hope to be forgiven."

"I'll forgive her, and I'll pray for her nights, Joshua, but I don't want to see her ag'in—never—not even up in heaven."

"When she gets there she'll be changed, I presume," said Joshua softly, "and she'll wear a crown o' glory, and be beautiful and bright, and you won't be ashamed to meet her up there, where all sins is forgiven and all sorrow is wiped away. Good-night, Jamie."

He took the lamp and made his way down the narrow staircase, leaving your Little Brother to dream of neckties, grace and forgiveness of sins, all mingled together in a new and beautiful theology, in which the face of Joshua, tender and glorified, shone upon him as the face of his Father in heaven, and brought peace and joy and comfort to his little heart, whenever he awoke in the night to whisper a prayer of forgiveness for the sins of his poor mother.

CHAPTER VI.

James started to school on the following Monday, an escort being secured for him in the person of Miss Cora Slocum, a trim, rosy-cheeked country maiden of fourteen, who attended the same school, and obligingly stopped every morning at the Hillis farm-house for her little comrade. They carried their dinners in little tin pails, and did not return until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon.

Your Little Brother was greatly pleased by the informality of this district school. The best behaved boy of the day before was chosen by the teacher to assist in making the fire in the huge stove that stood in the middle of the room, and this was the first "exercise" of the morning. There were many other little errands later in the day, such as going to the spring at the foot of the hill for water, bringing in wood and sweeping up the room, all of which served to break the monotony of school life to restless children.

He attended regularly, and the lonely country roads gave him no invitation to linger by the way. The objective point to be reached was the school-house, where the rivalry of competing scholars stood out in sharp contrast to the dullness of life outside.

When the first payment in the form of a cheque was received from the society, Emeline studied it with a thoughtful brow.

"If this had come right after the first two weeks," she remarked to Joshua, "I'd said it was the hardest earned money we'd ever received. It seems as if it was poor pay for such a heap of tears and heart-breakings as we've been through."

"No money can pay us for all that," replied Joshua, "but if we hadn't felt obligated to keep on and do our best by the thought that we was taking pay for it, I don't know, Emeline, as either you or me would have had the grit to hold on to that child week after week until he come through."

"That's true," agreed Emeline; "I presume we'd have felt as if all the years to come was pressing upon us to make up our minds to once whether we'd have him or no, but the pay comin' regular was something to wait for and seemed to take part of the burden off us."

"And now he's gettin' to be that

good and steady," continued Joshua; "I don't know how many has asked me to send in their names to the society—to get just such a boy as him—that's what they all say."

"We'll have to be keerful who we recommend," observed Emeline anxiously. "There's many as wants children as hadn't ought to have them."

Joshua frequently received printed blanks from the society, inquiring into the morals and circumstances of his neighbours, and they filled them out together in the evenings, conscientiously and seriously; but the arrival of a printed form asking information of Mr. Slocum's family, caused the Hillis household great embarrassment.

"He spoke such a good word for us," said Emeline; "it seems as if we ought to do him a good turn now we've the chance."

"These questions is so pointed and plain, Emeline. 'Do they live peaceably and happily together?' We know they don't. She's a-grumblin' from morning till night, and Slocum often goes a week without speaking to her. 'Tis no place for a child."

Joshua sighed deeply, and finally they agreed to say that Mr. Slocum was a good neighbour, but his wife was not just the best person to bring up a child. None came, however, to the Slocum mansion.

The first snow fell early in December, and the rolling hills seemed lonely, remote, and holy in their white silence. A second, and then a third snowfall left no trace of naked ground visible. Even the roads were obliterated, and the stone fences became tiny ridges in a vast white plain. Neighbour was cut off from neighbour, until all united in a spontaneous effort to break a road through that would open the way to school, church, mill and village, and great was the merriment and excitement over the enterprise. School was suspended for three days, the school-house having to be dug out of a snowbank, to the hilarity of the assembled scholars. Little James, in heavy rubber boots, overcoat, and woollen muffler, assisted in the excavation with a tiny shovel of his own, and carted away small hillocks of snow on a home-made sled that Joshua had given him.

The next absorbing topic of that winter was Brother Barnwell's success in holding revival meetings in the old Stony Creek church. Every Sunday brought a fresh convert into the fold until but few of the unregenerate remained in the township; and it was generally agreed that these stiff-necked sinners represented the lowest social strata of the community. It was said they comprised chiefly the Van Sliver and McDooney families, who had intermarried, and were a miserable, degraded set, living in rude shanties on rented land, which they were too lazy to till, and which, accordingly, yielded them nothing but stones and weeds. The men spent half their time in gaol, and their families moved in and out of the county alms-house with the approach of winter and the return of spring. They married always in haste, but failed to repent at leisure, hence they were all spoken of promiscuously as the "Sliver-McDooney tribe," and every one in the county knew the disgrace of bearing either name.

In that remote and distinctly rural neighbourhood — where the stage brought the mail once a day, and the nearest railroad station was fourteen miles off—the country church stood as the great social centre of country life. It took the place of the club, the music-hall and the circulating library of the city. It provided all the lectures, concerts, picnics, and other excitements of the year, and lent the only books that were to be found within a radius of fifty miles or more.

Those who chose, therefore, to remain outside of its influence lost much that was valuable in the higher social and educational life of the community. For there were no mission churches on those hills. The Van Slivers and McDooneys were invited to share the cushioned seat of the prosperous elect. No low-down sinner was set apart to worship God on a harder bench than his wealthy neighbour sat upon, nor were his children urged to attend a "Ragged Sunday-school."

But the logic that was born of the plough and the hay-field—in close observance of nature's fulfilment of promise—looked with a very critical eye on conduct as the supreme test of an honest belief. Little children might "experience" religion as well as grown people, but they were welcomed into the fold to become good children, and not impossible little saints.

Enfolded in the heart of such a community as this, it was not strange that little James listened

with deep interest to the conversation of his elders on the latest revival news, and shared their enthusiasm over each new convert. Eager always to do what he saw others doing, he besought them every Sunday to allow him "to come forward," but Emeline and Joshua conferred with the minister, who urged caution, and said that one backslider could do more harm in a week than fifty of the faithful could undo in a lifetime; and that there was nothing to prevent little James from growing in grace every day, until the Spirit was ready to bring him all fully prepared to the foot of the throne. It was evident that grace was growing in him, and also a great impatience to have the ceremony over, and himself admitted to that select circle of the faithful, from which the Van Slivers and McDooneys were unavoidably excluded, by reason of their short-sighted, perverse and degenerate ways.

From the great moral height of six months' familiarity with decent living, little James looked with disdain on the obliquities of this class, and strove in every way possible to identify himself with that type of country life of which Joshua and Emeline were shining examples.

He adorned his conversation as they did with quaint expressions that were supposed to lend dignity to the speaker, and marked him as apart from those who preferred to be less choice in their polysyllables. He understood it was more becoming to say, "I presume so," than "I guess so," and to say "probably" slowly, distinctly, and with great solemnity, was an artistic achievement.

But with all the proprieties of speech and conduct carefully observed, he felt himself still an alien, unless permitted to experience that mysterious, stimulating consciousness known as conversion.

I will not say that he had even a child's ordinary comprehension of the great spiritual formulas he was so ready to accept. He knew, indeed, that he was expected to be a good boy, and with blissful confidence in Joshua's assumption of parental relationship, he beheld a luminous, new, and tenderly literal meaning in the statement that he was to be "born again." No theological argument was needed to explain away the dogma that had once appeared as a stumbling-block to the earliest convert in history. He was very glad to be born again, and it seemed the simplest and most delightful fact in the whole scheme of salvation that he could be born again, and choose Joshua and Emeline for his parents!

There was, therefore, no prouder moment in your Little Brother's life than when he stood up one evening, in the dimly-lighted little church, by the side of Emeline and Joshua, and in the presence of all the congregation, made his first confession of faith. The great occasion was worthy of the new Sunday suit, the gay silk necktie and stiff, white collar, that elevated and pricked his chin without a suggestion of annoyance—so inspiring and satisfactory was it to be well-dressed, and to do the correct thing in the eyes of the whole congregation! All admired his beauty and the unfaltering tones in which he spoke of the soul's deep experiences, and of his longing to be "born again," and to enter into the kingdom of the elect.

There was no one present to contrast this scene with a former one in his career, when he stood forth in the presence of many, and made his public confession of crime. Perhaps he understood the meaning of one about as well as he did the meaning of the other. Each was the inevitable result of an all-powerful environment, in which a very human and child-like love of approbation had become the only native force that could be counted on to turn the scales of good and evil either way.

The choir sang an appropriate hymn, in which all the congregation joined, but in the hearts of Emeline and Joshua, the song of Isaiah was heard above the music of the choir:

> "For unto us a Child is born;
> Unto us a Son is given:
> And His name shall be called Wonderful."

So the sheath of the criminal withered and fell away, and the face of the Child appeared, turning heavenward like an opening flower. The little Offended One raised his eyes toward those who had wrought this miracle, and answered their looks of love with that smile of happiness that remembers not past sorrow.

And thus the restoration of your Little Brother was complete.

The End.

THE GRAPES OF ESHCOL.

BY JOHN ACKWORTH.

The Rev. Caesar Snape was ashamed of himself. This was not at all an uncommon state of mind for him to be in, for, as a matter of fact, he was oftener in that condition than any other, especially in a morning. He was a Wesleyan probationer, and lived alone in Mrs. Pendlebury's small upstairs front room, overlooking the parish church in the High Street, Muggridge.

He was the junior minister of the circuit, and though he had never heard of Muggridge until the Conference appointed him to it, he had since discovered that it was a very important place indeed; in fact, it would have been impossible for the Stationing Committee to have selected a circuit that would not have assumed this aspect in the Rev. Caesar's eyes the moment he found himself allocated to it. It was generally regarded as a country circuit, but the new minister had soon discovered that it ought to be reckoned as at least a semi-suburban one, being only eleven miles as the crow flies from the head of the district.

"Fifty-nine trains pass through Muggridge every day," he used to say impressively to his friends; and he was surprised and a little hurt when somebody suggested that he might as well make it sixty, and some one else asked how many of the trains stopped.

What confiding, even credulous people the Wesleyans were! Taking everybody to be as high-minded and devoted as themselves, they had always insisted upon regarding him as a godly, self-sacrificing, and able young fellow, and had insisted on his entering the ministry!

And now this "Million Scheme" had come, and it was just such a big, grand enterprise as his soul delighted in; and he had been to the preliminary district committee in place of his super, who was ill, and had come back the night before full of enthusiasm, and eager for the next day to arrive, that he might set to work and rouse the sympathies of his people.

But now it was morning, and in the dim December daylight his dreams of the night before looked Utopian and ridiculous, and he felt a miserable, cowardly feeling rising within him, which tempted him to wish that the great effort had never been heard of.

The Muggridge Circuit was not like any other; his people were very good—wonderful people, in fact, when he came to think of it—but not exactly in that way. Ah! he understood now why some of his ministerial brethren had looked surprised when he had spoken so enthusiastically of his flock; they knew them better than he did. Two guineas per member at least! The thing was preposterous!

The super was an invalid, and the initiation of this great scheme in the circuit would rest almost entirely with himself. He could not give much himself, and he had never in his life done any begging of this kind before; the whole thing would be a fiasco, and the Muggridge Circuit, his first circuit, would be disgraced in the eyes of the whole Connexion.

And then he pulled himself up. Yes, it was just like him! A minister's work was to make light of difficulties and show his people how they might overcome them, and here was he shrinking like a timid schoolgirl at the very first serious task he had ever been called upon to face. "Caesar Snape, you're a duffer! a miserable coward, sir!" and he made the little sugar-tongs in the glass basin dance again as he smote the table with his fist.

"Scoose me, sir, who might you be a-speakin' of?"

It was Mrs. Pendlebury, tall, gaunt, and worn-looking, with deep lines on her sallow face, and her head cocked at an inquisitive and bellicose angle. She was a class-leader and a great person at the mothers' meeting, and took quite a motherly interest in her young men, of whom Snape was the fifth.

She had come upstairs to clear away the breakfast things, and had overheard the minister's last words. Caesar started when thus addressed, and blushed.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mrs. Pendlebury. I was only talking to myself as usual; I'm all right now."

The landlady gave her head a dignified toss, and then asked, tartly: "You was a-speakin' of my minister, I believe?"

"Well, well! it's all right, Mrs. Pendlebury."

But the landlady stood her ground and raised her head a little. "I don't allow nobody to say nothin'

agin my minister, sir—it's them Hexams, I suppose ?"

"No, no! the Exams were last week; it's nothing, I tell you, I'm all right."

"Then it'ull be that Piggin ?"

"No, no, Mrs. Pendlebury, nothing of the kind ; a—a—it's this Million Scheme, if you must know."

A smile as of conscious victory played for a moment round the deep-lined mouth of the landlady. "Oh, that !" she exclaimed, taking a step nearer the table. "Yes, we was a-considerin' of it last night."

Snape lifted his head with a glance of curiosity and surprise. "Considering it ? Where ? Who ?"

"Me and my members."

The minister could have laughed. The idea ! The members of this class, some thirty or so, were the very poorest in the Muggridge society, and both they and their leader would have to be paid for, if they had any place in the scheme. He smiled indulgently, leaned back in his chair, and clasping his hands over his knees, asked : "Well, and how did you get on ?"

"Well, you see, sir"—and, to Snape's dismay, she sank into a seat and prepared herself for the long talk which it was evident she had come to have—"Well, you see, sir, it was a bit awkered at first."

Snape thought that very likely indeed, but, as there was now no escape from the good woman's eloquence, he tried to interest himself in it, or at least to appear to do so.

"It was that there roll as bothered us most, sir ; they all wanted to be on, an' hev all their relations on as well. Old Sally Pride hez hed three husbands, and she wanted all them to be on ; an' Deb West wants her sweetheart on, an' him a ratcatcher. Oh, an' there's five members as is gone to heaven, an' two in the 'House,' an' three as is so old they never comes, an' all them as hez bad husbands wants 'em on, an'—an' what shall we do, sir ?"

Snape was conscious of a curious struggle within between amusement and outraged seemliness, but presently he said : "Well, there's a very easy way of disposing of all those questions, Mrs. Pendlebury."

"'Ndeed, sir ; what might it be ?"

"Ask them to find the guineas ; that will stop them. The Society will pay for all the bona-fide members of your class, but we cannot undertake for all their relations, you know."

"Well, sir ?"

"Well ? that will stop them, won't it ?"

"Mr. Snape, my members is members, an' not bony-fidees ; the Society can pay for the bony-fidees, whatever they are, if it likes, but we shall pay for ourselves ; we don't honour the Lord with other people's substance in my class, sir."

Left alone, the minister felt more ashamed of himself than ever. His landlady's brave words had enabled him to measure the depths of his own miserable cowardice.

This was by no means the first time that Mrs. Pendlebury's words had stimulated him, but now, smarting under the veiled and, perhaps, unconscious rebuke, he roused himself to his task. If such poor people as his landlady were bestirring themselves, it was high time that he should do something. He dressed himself and called upon the super. From him he went to see the senior society steward, Brother Timms. Thence he passed on to the house of the circuit steward, and then to the residence of the only great magnate in the circuit, Mr. Burton, of the Grange. When he had finished his round he had arranged for a preliminary consultative meeting, to be held after the service on the following Wednesday evening.

As he walked home it occurred to him to call upon Piggin, the leader of the opposition in the circuit, and the terror of all ministers and officials. but he had not been encouraged even by those he had already consulted, and who were supposed to be loyal, and somehow he hadn't the heart to face the redoubtable Piggin just them.

After service he attempted to interest Farmer Whittle in the subject, but though he stuck valiantly to his text during supper, and returned to it again and again in spite of the farmer's tendency to divert the conversation to the price of stock, he went away feeling that he had failed once more, and was plainly out of his sphere.

For the next few days the Rev. Caesar was the prey of all kinds of haunting fears. Nobody but his eccentric landlady seemed to have the least interest in the great scheme. Timms only laughed at him, and went off into a long string of stories, which the minister had heard again and again. One or two of the local preachers spoke to him about the effort, but they were for the most part even more impecunious than he was himself.

But the minister's most anxious thoughts were expended upon the Burtons. Mr. Burton was rich, and was expected to become a county magistrate any day now. Everybody would look to the Grange to start the movement, and unless the people residing in that new and very grand-looking house could be got to take a hearty interest in the matter the thing was hopeless. And yet what could he do ?

And then there was Miss Olive. She was a Newnham girl, with a broad, masculine forehead, and great, frank, grey eyes that looked you through. He was afraid of that girl, and was always haunted during his visits to the Grange with the feeling that she was secretly quizzing him and reckoning him up. She unnerved him when he was preaching, especially when he caught one of those satirical smiles of hers.

She was a painfully natural young lady of most uncompromising plainness of speech, but so refined and intellectual that if he had not been a minister, and had been anything like her equal, he might have been in danger of falling in love with her. She was a most engaging creature, and her culture gave a piquancy to her that was most fascinating, but whenever he left the Grange after a bright hour in her company he asked himself what she would think of him if she ever knew that he was only a factory operative's son.

He hated pretence and false show, but both she and her father always insisted upon treating him as a cultivated person and a gentleman.

And so the days wore on, and the eventful Wednesday came. There was a good congregation at the service, and when it was over a goodly number stayed behind to the after-meeting. The superintendent, though still ill, came in and took the chair. Most of the important people of the Society were present, and one or two representatives from the country dropped in. Altogether the prospect looked promising.

The super explained that the meeting was unofficial, and was called for the purpose of forming some sort of idea as to how much the circuit would contribute to the great fund. He invited free expression of opinion, and finished with a pathetic little reminder of the obligations they were all under to the church of their choice. When he sat down there was a long and awkward pause, and the Rev. Caesar, sitting next to his colleague, felt his spirit running rapidly down.

The super hinted that perhaps Mr. Burton would say a few words, but that great man had a grievance against the fund in the fact that he had been omitted from the district committee, and therefore he excused himself.

The minister named Brother Timms rather hesitatingly. The society steward had a reputation for making funny speeches, and certainly maintained it that night ; but, after all, he contributed nothing to the subject in hand, and the junior minister had his own regretful and despondent feelings deepened by observing that Miss Olive, sitting near her father, looked scornful and a little impatient and weary.

Then the circuit steward was called upon, and he ventured, with considerable hesitation, to say that he thought the circuit might manage to raise, say, £200. The Rev. Caesar gasped; that was only about 10s. per member! What would the Connexion think of them ?

Again the super appealed to the chairman of the District Council, but he only shook his head, and as Caesar sank back with a heavy sigh in his seat he heard an ominous scraping of the throat and a shuffling of feet, and glancing up, observed the obstreperous Piggin on his feet. Piggin was short and square, with a frame full of awkward and unexpected angles ; he had Dundreary whiskers, a long, sharp nose, and a prominent, aggressive chin.

" Mr. Chairman," he began, drawing a long sniff and turning the whites of his eyes towards the ceiling, " some folks seem to think that this circuit is rich. I suppose if that's so, that long-standing Quarterly Board deficit has gone. I'm glad to hear it, sir. An' I always understood az we were only waitin' for the Swaddleby new chapel because we couldn't raise the money. That must be wrong, too. And we don't need money, it appears, for the Pemberton Mission or the Long Lane Sunday-school. I'm delighted, Mr. Super. It appears that we have money to spend on building cedar houses in London. Very good, sir, but I claim to know something about Muggridge Methodism, and it appears to me, sir, that charity begins at home."

During this weak but biting speech the junior minister had been going hot and cold and cold and hot again.

But another voice broke on his ears, and a familiar one, too. Mrs. Pendlebury had risen to her feet, and was standing with her eyes closed as if in class.

"'Scoose me, Mister Super, might a widder woman arsk a question?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Pendlebury, go on."

"I should like to arsk where our Calebs and Joshuas are to-night," and as Caesar looked up in perplexity he caught sight of his landlady opening her eyes half-way to look at him.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you, Mrs. Pendlebury," said the super, looking hard at the woman, who was white with excitement.

She paused a moment, long enough, in fact, to attract every eye in the place to her, and then she went on, speaking slowly through white lips: "We've heard about the sons of Anak and the walled cities, will somebody tell us about the grapes of Eshcol?"

Caesar, being more accustomed than the rest to Mrs. Pendlebury's curious methods of argument, was the first to catch the point of this rather obscure reference, and a great flush of emotion passed over him.

Miss Olive opened her eyes with quickened interest, Mr. Burton brushed back the scanty locks of hair he had been so restlessly rubbing, and leaned forward to listen, and a flush of triumph passed over Mrs. Pendlebury's face.

"Friends," cried Caesar. "I'll tell you of the grapes of Eshcol. I was born in a cottage and worked in a mill, but Methodism has made me a minister of the glorious gospel. I owe my godly mother to Methodism: the conversion of my father after twenty years of wifely prayers to Methodism; my education, my knowledge of God, and my conversion to Methodism: my call to preach, and my training at dear old Didsbury, to Methodism. All I have that is worth anything I owe to Methodism, and to-day as she rises before the world to do this great deed I want to be with her, and to be worthy of her, and, God helping me, I will!"

For several minutes more he spoke, rapidly, almost incoherently, with moist eyes and quivering lips, and when at last he dropped back into his seat the super had hid his face in his handkerchief, and Mrs. Pendlebury was rocking herself and gazing up at the ceiling with shining, tearful eyes.

There was an awkward silence, and then some whispering; and presently Mr. Burton rose and, in very low tones, suggested that the meeting should be adjourned for a few days. When the super had pronounced the benediction he turned to his still excited colleague and gripped him with a grip that was an embrace in intensity, and then dragged him off home with him to supper.

Caesar spent the next day a prey to his old torments, and even Mrs. Pendlebury, who was radiantly sure now that Muggridge would do its duty, could not comfort him. He had made an exhibition of himself; Miss Olive knew now that he was lowly born, and he pictured to himself again and again her quiet, cold contempt for a man who had so little fineness of feeling as to make a show of his emotions in public.

In the afternoon, to his terror, he received an invitation to high tea at the Grange, and would have given anything to have a decent excuse for declining. He had cried like a baby, he told himself, and had not even the consolation of having accomplished anything. The Burtons were unusually kind to him that night, but he was sure they were graver and more reserved than common, and Mr. Burton did not even mention the previous night's meeting.

"And so you are an ex-factory operative, and your mother was a weaver?" said Miss Olive, as she helped him on with his overcoat in the lobby as he was leaving.

And, with a desperate effort, Caesar answered: "Yes, Miss Burton, and I am not ashamed of it."

The lady stood on the doormat, evidently reflecting, and then she lifted her clear eyes to his and asked:

"And why did you not tell us all this before?"

"Because I'm a coward, Miss Burton; a mean, unworthy coward."

She looked long and steadily into his face as he spoke, and then, as he put out his hand to say good-night, she took it absently, and answered, in soft, low tones: "I wish there were many more such cowards in the world, Mr. Snape."

Next day it was known in Muggridge that the Burtons were giving £500 to the Million Scheme, and a week later the Rev. Caesar was received at the Grange in another and closer capacity than that of minister.

—*Methodist Recorder.*

AN IDEAL LOVE STORY.

BY MRS. C. F. FRASER.

Their story came to me in such a curious way. I found it—or part of it—between the faded covers of an old diary whose first entry bore a date early in the century. I was searching for some family papers in an old chest when I chanced on the little crimson book. As I lifted it curiously by the ribbon that in some bygone time had served as a book-mark, it opened at the first page. On it was written in a firm, manly hand,—

"For Ma Chère Amie Annette, from him who loves her."

There was no name in the little book, but I easily guessed that Annette had been my great-aunt, and that the one who had loved her had, at a later date, become her husband.

The book had been written, so I gathered as I read, by my great-uncle, in the year preceding his marriage. As I pored over the closely written pages I saw that it had been intended for his sweetheart's eye alone; yet so truly and faithfully was it written that each line seemed to have a living message to convey to lovers all the world over.

I knew enough family history to piece out the tale which the diary told. There had been a rift in the old love story. Annette's parents had thought her too young to choose a husband, and when the love of her heart had gone out to a youth of excellent character but of slender means, they had demurred kindly but firmly. In obedience to their wish the young couple had agreed to hold no communication with each other for an entire year. If at the end of the stipulated term their wishes remained the same, no objection was to be made to their betrothal. About the same time—and in this I could not but fancy there had been some parental influence used—the lover was given a position in a seaboard city hundreds of miles away, and was thus quietly and effectually removed from the scene.

It was all very plain and prosaic so far, and I wondered where the romance had been in so carefully arranged an affair.

But presently I came to a paragraph that excited my interest. Annette, it seemed, had asked of her parents the boon of a "twilight hour."

"Whenever it does not affect the performance of my duty to others,"—so ran the words which her lover had copied in his diary—"my parents are willing that I should have the twilight hour to myself. At that time my thoughts and prayers will be all for you."

She agreed, also, so he wrote, to keep account of her doings in her own diary, and when the year of probation was over the books were to be exchanged. It was a lover's expedient for re-living together the year of their separation.

There was much individuality in the young man's book. He was full of pluck and energy, and he was bent on winning his "Chère Amie" for his bride. To that end he was diligent in business and faithful to his employers, whose interests he cherished as his own. He recorded faithfully his small successes, his private ventures in the mercantile world, and his scant recreations in the city of strangers in which he found himself.

"But always, Annette," he wrote, "as twilight closes in, comes the keen pleasure of knowing that you are thinking of me. At such a time I can laugh at loneliness."

Then, manlike, he would abruptly change the subject, and refer to matters that seemed of little moment to me. Yet, doubtless, Annette had been deeply interested in knowing how many quintals of fish or puncheons of molasses had been disposed of by him. Was it not by means of such homely transactions that he was winning the right to make her his bride? It was the practical side of the romance.

In another place his carefully chosen words did my heart good. It was where he reassured Annette in an imaginary conversation of a misgiving which he feared she might have. "It is partly because you are so good and loving a daughter that I love you," he wrote. "In my first resentment of what seemed the unnecessary harshness of your parents, I may have spoken otherwise. My calmer reason can but praise them for so guarding their precious daughter."

Surely, I thought, this great-uncle of mine must have been gifted with an unusual amount of common-sense.

The diary broke off abruptly in the middle of the year. Annette was ill—her life was despaired of—and her father had written him to come at once if he

wished to see her alive. In her delirium his name was ever on her lips.

The lover made the last entry ere he set forth on the journey to her home. "If God should take away my love"—so ran the trembling handwriting — "I must remember what she said to me when we parted six months ago. I write it down now lest, in the stress of grief which seems likely to overpower me, I should forget her words: 'Beloved,' she said, 'God is love, and in Him we live and move and have our being. Living so, even death cannot separate us.'"

I was confident that Annette's journal could not be far away, and I turned over the old papers till I found a book which in outward appearance was the mate of the one I had so eagerly read. The two words on the opening page, "For John," had a wealth of meaning, and brought Annette in her shy maidenly pride plainly before me.

There was much of interest in the little entries of the quiet days when she cared for the younger children of the family or performed household tasks. She took part in much social life also, and duly recorded the parties she attended, but always there was the gentle undertone of her steady affection for John — always the desire that he would enter more fully into the spiritual life in which her highest happiness was found, always, as in the diary of her lover, was the keynote love—human love or heavenly love.

Towards the middle of the year the entries grew fewer. A week or more elapsed without a word. Then a few lines recorded the fact that the headache which had been so troublesome during the last few days was now almost incessant and that the slightest noise seemed to give her pain.

"More than ever," she wrote, "I look forward to the twilight hour when my thoughts can turn in the quiet to you, dear John."

Not another line was written, but so eager was I to finish the story which had been twice interrupted by Annette's illness, that I gave the book an impatient shake.

From its leaves fell a slip of paper on which was written in the girl's delicate hand: "John has taken my diary away with him, but I must write of my happiness. To-morrow my dear father and mother will give me into his keeping, and their blessing rests upon my marriage day. Another and a greater joy has come to me also—the answer to the constant prayer of my heart. John has told me that it was when he realized how near I was to death that he found out the meaning of the heavenly love of which we had so often talked. My illness was part of God's plan for his life. Henceforward we shall serve Him together so long as we both shall live, and when death shall claim us we can have no fear, because we rest secure in the perfect Love."

Underneath was a date some twelve months later than that at the opening of the diary, so I surmised that after Annette's recovery from her illness the engagement had been permitted, and that the year which was to have been one of probation had ended with a happy wedding day.

I remembered, too, how often I had heard the older members of the family speak of Uncle John and Aunt Annette —of his constant devotion to the gentle, sweet-faced wife, and of their happiness in the band of sons and daughters that grew up about them.

And it came to me then that I had been permitted to be present at the uplifting of the curtain from an ideal love story. In the faded diaries were the records of hopes and fears common to many young people; yet theirs was a love affair devoid of all selfishness and pettiness. John had been content to labour faithfully for his bride, and he had not allowed what must have been a keen disappointment to embitter his thoughts. For Annette I could find no words to express my admiration. She was an ideal character indeed, for had she not, in the year of their separation, made her love for John his stepping-stone to the heavenly love that lasts for evermore?—*Zion's Herald.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

—*Shakespeare.*

"THE LAST OF THE PROPHETS."

THE LATE JOHN RUSKIN, DIED JANUARY 20TH, 1900.

The prophets cease from out the land,
The counsellors are gone,
The lips to kindle and command
Are silent one by one.

Our Master taken from our head,
In sorrow, here we pray—
Lord, teach us in his steps to tread;
Be Thou our guide and stay.

Till all the righteousness he loved,
The sympathy he sought,
The truth by deed and word he proved,
Be made our daily thought.

He gave us eyes, for we were blind;
He bade us know and hear;
By him the wonder of the mind
Of God, on earth was clear.

We knew the travail of his soul,
We thank Thee for his rest;
Lord, lead us upward to his goal—
The pure, the true, the best! *

God has given to this nineteenth century a group of men who had a special message to the times in which they lived. Wordsworth was a high-priest of nature, who led many to the study of the beautiful, the true, the good, as revealed in earth's fairest scenes, and led multitudes to look from nature up to

* "Hymn in Loving memory of John Ruskin," by Canon Rawnsley. Sung at his funeral.

nature's God. Tennyson has given us the record of the struggles of a soul from doubt to faith—to a consciousness of God that few have ever attained: "Closer He is than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." Carlyle had his message, like a stern Hebrew prophet, of denunciation of the shams and falsities of life, and the assertion of the eternal verities of truth and righteousness. Browning, our modern Shakespeare, was the interpreter of life in its manifold relations, the poet of a glorious optimism as he sings, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

The last of this goodly fellowship to linger with the century's latest year was God's Prophet of the Beautiful, John Ruskin, who on January 20th closed his noble life, a life of eighty-one years—in its moral heroisms, in its seeking after God, in its imitation of the blameless life of Him who "came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister," grander than any of his own prose poems. He taught the world that the soul of beauty was truth. He led multitudes to read in those manuscripts of God, the mountains and clouds, the cataracts and the forests, the message of the Divine.

The reading of Ruskin's books, like the reading of Wordsworth's poetry, is to many a revelation of an unknown world. These two great interpreters and high priests of nature unveil the mystery of the universe. With Wordsworth we learn to say:

"For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

The noblest attribute of his character was the sympathy of this man of wealth and culture with the lot of the poor and lowly. In one of his earliest letters he writes thus: "I cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery."

Not content with theory, Mr. Ruskin undertook to put into practice his plans for the social and economic betterment of the workingman. Not less than a million dollars of inherited wealth and hard-earned income from his books was thus expended in the endeavour to develop the character and brighten the lives of the sons of toil.

Ruskin's life was not unshadowed by sorrow. A man of noblest and purest character, his nature was most deeply wounded through his domestic affections. But he endured his life-tragedy with the patience of a martyr and forgiveness of a saint. He found solace in work for God and work for man, and in age and feebleness extreme he awaited the coming of the mystic barge on which he should sail forth,

"To meet his Pilot face to face."

AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

In the September number of this magazine we treated somewhat fully John Ruskin and his work. We, therefore, confine ourselves to a reproduction in part of an admirable study from the Chicago *Christian Advocate*, by Professor Pearson, of the Northwestern University:

Ruskin had been trained by pious parents. His mother, especially, was earnestly religious. Mr. Ruskin, in an autobiographical sketch says: "As soon as I was able to read with fluency, my mother began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford." He gives a long list of the chapters, which, every syllable learned accurately, established his soul in life. It was the earnest desire of his father and mother that he should be a clergyman, and, for many years, he expected to fulfil their wishes. He was never formally ordained as a priest or preacher, never entered the pulpit of the Church, but he has always been true to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, has been an expounder of the truth and a prophet of righteousness. Instead of being the parson of a parish, he has been one of the apostles of the English-speaking nations, and thus, eventually, of the whole world. Ruskin has written at great length upon painting, architecture, literature and life, and always with prophetic insight and prophetic power. As early as 1846 he writes: "I have given ten years of my life to the

single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art, and spent them in labour as earnest and continuous as men usually undertake to gain position or accumulate fortune."

Ruskin condemns the older landscape painters for untruthfulness and consequent worthlessness. He says: "I assert with sorrow that all hitherto done in landscape by those commonly conceived its masters has never prompted one holy thought in the minds of nations. Filling the world with the honour of Claude and Salvator, it has never once tended to the honour of God."

Ruskin tells us that truth is the foundation of all great art. Idealism is with him only the revelation of truth. He seeks to bring to light the "faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped upon all things."

The artist of the Renaissance, he says, could think of the mother of our Lord in her last maternal agony with academical discrimination, sketch in first her skeleton, invest her in serene science with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow, and then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfil, with studious lustre of tears and delicately painted pallor, the perfect type of the "Mater Dolorosa."

The burden of his sermon on Renaissance art is, Beware of the deadly sin of pride; and he concludes it by a characteristic wealth of biblical allusions as he condemns those who "wear their pieties for decoration as women wear their diamonds and flaunt the dry fleeces of their phylacteries between their dust and the dew of heaven."

Mr. Ruskin's criticisms of the fine arts are all written with the insight, the imagination and the passion of a poet, and Mr. Gladstone, it is well known, was so impressed with his poetic power that, on the death of Tennyson, he deemed Ruskin his most fitting successor as poet laureate.

This paraphrase of Isaiah, modified by conceptions drawn from Greek mythology, is a favourite with me:

"Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from the nest.
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,
The wolf is dead in Arcady and the dragon in the sea!"

I have no doubt whatever that if Ruskin had devoted his great powers to poetry he would have rivalled Tennyson in that field; but how much better it is for the world to have one Ruskin and one Tennyson than it would have been to have had two Tennysons and no Ruskin.

Ruskin's gospel of art, his teaching that all beauty must be based on truth and righteousness, though it met at first with much opposition, has attracted crowds of disciples, and is, I think, winning its way to universal recognition.

Ruskin's political economy is very simple. Like all his other ideas it is based on the Gospel. It is a mere amplification of the words of Jesus: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Ruskin teaches that the true aim of political economy is to make intelligent, virtuous and happy people and not to make money; that the way to secure this end is not competition, but co-operation; not individualism and anarchy, but united effort and just obedience. "Government and co-operation," he says, "are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death."

Ruskin preaches no new doctrine. It is the old gospel of love and service and John Ruskin is one of the great apostles of Jesus Christ.

BRITISH TRIBUTES.

Since the above was written the files of English papers have been received containing eloquent tributes to this great writer:

John Ruskin, says "Historicus" in the *Methodist Times*, to my way of thinking, was the greatest writer of English prose that the English language has yet produced. Listen to the rolling majesty of these words:

"This is the thing which I *know*, and which, if you labour faithfully, you may know also—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die."

What a rhythmic majesty and dignity there is, alike of language and of ethics, in those words of the consummate master—a great teacher, a great prophet! "There is, indeed, a land of Havilah open to men, of which the wonderful

sentence is literally true—'The gold of *that* land is good.' But they must first understand that education, in its deepest sense, is not the equalizer, but the discerner, of men; and that, so far from being instruments for the collection of riches, the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them, and of gentleness to diffuse."

Ruskin has won an unfading crown; his fame is secure forever. He was above all a man after the pattern of the old Hebrew prophets. In an epoch of selfish materialism, deadening luxury and heartless philosophy, he hurled flaming words of contempt and derision upon the base ideals of his fellows. His unwavering conviction of the imperative necessity of constant communion with God, and his trumpet-call to the use of conscience in the discharge of the commonest duties of life, have given an inspiration to the present age which far transcends the value of his merely æsthetic teaching.

THE WORLD IMPOVERISHED.

The Rev. G. Beesley Austin writes thus in the *Methodist Recorder:* It is not merely that a writer of imperishable prose has gone, that the last of the prophets has fallen. The land is impoverished by the loss of one of the noblest and purest spirits that ever lived. In an age that preaches Art for Art's sake, when men can write great things and live little ones, he has set a noble example of high consistency between teaching and life. And he who preached practised. Wordsworth said of Milton:

> "Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
> Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
> Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
> So didst thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart,
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

And these words instinctively leap to our lips when we think of the noble man, the great teacher, the God-inspired prophet, who lies so still beside the quiet lake to-day. Both in the singular splendour of his unique life, and in the simplicity and loveliness of his ministries among men, he deserves the very highest eulogies.

His father was a man of faultless integrity, and his mother one of the fairest spirits with which the childhood of a great soul could have been enriched. In the beautiful churchyard at Shirley there is a tomb often visited by those who wish to refresh and refine their hearts in the memory of a great filial affection, which bears these inscriptions: "Here rests from day's well-sustained burden John James Ruskin. . . . He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is, to all who keep it, dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost and taught to speak truth, says this of him." "Here beside my father's body I have laid my mother's. Nor was dearer earth ever returned to earth, nor purer life revived in heaven." Surely dutiful son never wrote a simpler nor a completer panegyric than this which John Ruskin has inscribed above the quiet resting-place of his devoted parents.

In 1843 Mr. Ruskin leaped into fame in one bound by the publication of the first instalment of his greatest work, "Modern Painters." When Tennyson published "In Memoriam" he was 41; when Browning published "The Ring and the Book" he was 56, and when Charles Darwin published the "Origin of Species" he was 50. But when Ruskin published that which originally was intended as a defence of Turner, but which proved to be a complete exposition of the philosophy of art, he was only 24.

A brilliant writer, himself one of the greatest of our living critics, has recently told us that in some of the qualities of his great prose, Mr. Ruskin is absolutely without a rival in the whole realm of English letters.

"I have with deeper gratitude to chronicle," writes Ruskin, "what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music—yet in that familiarity reverenced, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct." He who companions with great spirits may go a long way to catch what Matthew Arnold calls their great style, and learn to speak the language of the gods.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE IDEAL.

The very essence of his teaching is ethical. Morality was the root and the flower of everything. It lay in his very nature to be a prophet. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he has been to this century the High Priest of the Ideal. Perhaps one of his greatest services to men is that he has been eyes to the blind. After reading "Modern Painters," Charlotte Bronte said, "I feel now as if I had been walking blindfold; this book seems to give me new eyes."

And that is the witness of us all. With him as guide, new beauties flash forth their charm in many places, and to walk with him is to walk in a new world of beauty, wonder and delight.

The pathetic and even tragic life has come to its long-delayed close. Eyes that saw the unseen beauty, ears that caught the unheard notes, are dim and deaf. A voice that always spoke for beauty and truth and goodness is forever silent. A spirit that was chastened by both love and sorrow into exquisite and delicate beauty has departed. A fearless, righteous, and dauntless heart is cold; and England has been stricken with a great loss. The Lake Country has always had its charm. To tired minds and to weary feet it has given the gift of rest. It has been haunted with imperishable presences, made tender and pathetic by the memory of the men who have trodden its soil, and is alive with the genius of the splendid dead, and to-day it may have an added charm and a holier thrall because it is the resting-place of one who loved his fellow-men with real sincerity, and, mindless alike of their praise or blame, strove to speak to them the truth.

THE PROPHETIC ELEMENT.

The title of our article, "The Last of the Prophets," we find is that used by Rev. E. E. Young in an eloquent appreciation in the *Methodist Recorder:*

It is the prophetic element in Ruskin which will, after all, do most to establish his influence, and make him a living force in the ages to come. Carlyle himself said concerning him, "No other man in England has in him the same divine rage against falsity." George Eliot, too, was early struck by the prophetic force of the man. "Do you look out," she wrote to a friend, "for Ruskin's books whenever they appear? I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the age. . . . He teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet." And the *Daily Telegraph*, in its fine obituary notice, says: "He was in all things of the race of Isaiah, and we have lost the last of the prophets."

"It is strange," he says, "that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God: 'Oh, how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day;' as opposed to the ever-echoing words of the modern money-loving fool: 'Oh, how hate I Thy law! It is my abomination all the day.'"

Idleness was unthinkable to him. Merely selfish pursuits, even of a lofty kind, he would not allow. Having great possessions, he felt he must make the great renunciation. He was raised up for a purpose, called to a divinely appointed mission. His task was not self-imposed; his message not self-derived. It was with him, as with every true prophet, the burden of the Lord.

Carlyle's influence was undoubtedly the determining factor in directing Ruskin's efforts primarily towards social reform. The prophetic utterances of the Sage of Chelsea were startling people of every class, and very deeply impressed Ruskin. Henceforth art with him was to be secondary to ethics. Carlyle was the Elijah of the time, who, with extraordinary courage, vigour and ability, was attacking Baal-worship—the false notions, the godless manners that prevailed. Ruskin, like another Elisha, caught his mantle, received a double portion of his spirit, even before the "master" was carried from his sight. Only less rugged and vehement than his master, the disciple joined heartily in the holy crusade.

Of war Ruskin had the utmost abhorrence, but was careful to allow that "it is the duty of every nation to interfere, at the bayonet point, if they have the strength to do so, to save any oppressed multitude, or even individual, from manifest violence, though it is wholly unlawful to interfere in such matter, except with sacredly pledged limitation of the objects to be accomplished in the oppressed person's favour, and with absolute refusal of all selfish advantage and increase of territory or of political power which might otherwise accrue from the victory."

HIS SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

That he has unspeakably enriched literature, created a new interest in the beauty of nature, established a higher motive for art, ennobled the idea of charity, and brought about many practical reforms, is beyond doubt. He has done more. He has done his utmost, fearlessly, conscientiously, and at enormous sacrifice, to advance the kingdom of God on earth. His prophetic utterances, sustained by the perfect integrity of his character, and put forward with such vast ability, have exalted labour into new esteem, brought about greater honesty in commerce, and made life altogether more sweet and true. Now that this voice is hushed, the noble

words with which he closed the last volume of "Fors" in 1884 come to us with deeper meaning still.

He tells us he has learnt "in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire. But surely the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord—not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit, bringing forth judgment into victory. That they should be no more hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more may the rivers to Paradise? Are there not fountains of the great deep that open to bless, not destroy? And the beginning of blessing, if you will think of it, is in that promise, 'Great shall be the peace of thy children.' All the world is but one orphanage, so long as its children know not God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord."

"Quenched is the lamp, ev'n in its flickering dear;
We miss the light: we would not have him here;
No carping littlenesses lift their head
Where he is, 'mid the great unjealous dead.

"He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain—
For Beauty, and for God as men for gain;
Now may he drink of the immortal tide,
Ever athirst, and ever satisfied."

. . . . . .

"Last of the Seers, thy doctrine and thy presage
Were too austere to fascinate the throng;
Our wiser sons shall read and say: 'His message
Was beautifully right and nobly wrong.'
On rushing wings the Future comes to meet thee,
Till—who can say?—in larger, calmer years,
A lovelier England may make haste to greet thee,
First of her Seers."

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

BY LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To Mystic Isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DELUSION.*

There are just two defects in the name of this new religion which is deluding a great many well-meaning persons. In the first place, it is not Christian, and in the second place, it is not science. One of the most vigorous exposures of its frauds and wickedness is that of Professor Purrington. He shows the irreparable wrong done to many sick persons by the presumptuous quackery, misnamed faith of the so-called scientists. "Who will deny," says our author, "that the pretensions of the cult are humbug and sham of the commonest, wickedest sort?" It is shown to be a selfish, money-making speculation. If Mrs. Eddy's New Bible be such a boon to humanity, one would think that instead of being jealously copyrighted and guarded, it would be placed at the service of suffering humanity as freely as possible. But the very contrary of this is the case. Mrs. Eddy tells us that when "people were healed by simply reading it, the copyright was infringed. I entered a suit at law and my copyright was protected."†

She denounces infringement of copyright as theft, punishable as a crime, which is a misstatement of the copyright law.

Mrs. Eddy established a college for "Mind Healing," for which a charter was granted under an act concerning associations for religious, charitable, educational and other purposes. The curriculum consisted of only twelve lessons, tuition fee for which was $300—greater than those of Yale, Harvard, or Columbia. Mrs. Eddy says:

"When God impelled me to set a price on my instruction in Christian Science Mind-healing, I could think of no financial equivalent for an impartation of a knowledge of that divine power which heals; but I was led to name three hundred dollars as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons at my college,—a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led, by a strange Providence, to accept this fee.

"God has since shown me, in multitudinous ways, the wisdom of this decision; and I beg disinterested people to ask my loyal students if they consider three hundred dollars any real equivalent for my instruction during twelve half-days or even in half as many lessons."*

Says Professor Purrington: "Having thus fully equipped her pupils, Mrs. Eddy encouraged them to settle down in great cities, not alone for the glory of God, but for this practical reason:

"'The population of our principal cities is ample to supply many practitioners, teachers and preachers with work.'†

"And in order that they might 'enter this field of labour beneficially to themselves,' the shrewd Mother thus taught:

"'Christian Science demonstrates that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health.'‡

"Yet these people deny in court, when arraigned for unlawful practice of medicine and manslaughter, that they demand fees for their services!

"When was so sordid a doctrine ever preached by medical men? What standing would a physician have who should teach that the cure depends upon the fee? Is this preachment inspired by God or mammon, by unselfishness or greed?" Mrs. Eddy adds:

"In the early history of Christian Science, among my thousands of students few were wealthy. Now Christian Scientists are not indigent; and their comfortable fortunes are acquired by healing mankind, morally, physically, spiritually."§

"Owing to the shameless manufacture and sale of diplomas," says Professor Purrington, "the so-called anti-diploma law was enacted. Thus are prohibited such frauds as Mrs. Eddy's."

Speaking of the death of Harold Frederick, under the treatment of a

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* "Christian Science. An Exposition of Mrs. Eddy's Wonderful Discovery, including its Legal Aspects. A Plea for Children and other Helpless Sick." By William A. Purrington, Lecturer in the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 1900. Price, $1.00.

† "First Publications," "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 47.

* "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 64.

† "Admonition," "Retrospection and Introspection," p. 102.

‡ "Miscellaneous Writings," pp. 300, 301.

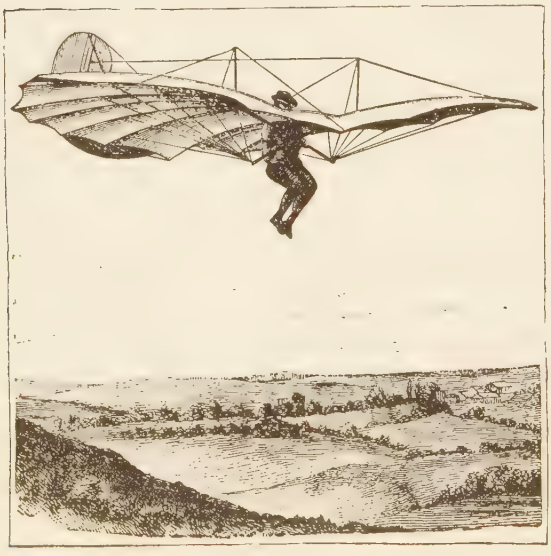
§ Preface to "Miscellaneous Writings," p. vii.

Christian Scientist who was indicted by an English jury, the New York *Times* writes editorially of "Faith Cure Murders," and the *Sun* of "Manslaughter by Christian Science."

Professor Purrington gives a ghastly photograph of the gangrened foot of a child treated by a Christian Science healer, and makes a strong plea on behalf of helpless children and sick persons who become their victims. His book is a tremendous indictment of this so-called science. Professor Purrington challenged, again and again, Mr. Carol Norton to give proofs of alleged Christian Science cures, but after many evasions, Norton utterly failed to do so. "The questions in your letter I will be obliged to *shelve* for the present," he replied, and shelve them he did.

We commend to our readers a careful study of Dr. Chown's article on this modern delusion in the February number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, and to an article by Professor Quackenbos, of Columbia University, in the numbers of *Onward* for March 10th and March 17th.

Science Notes.



LILIENTHAL'S AIR-SHIP.

THE SECRET OF THE AIR-SHIP.

Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher contributes an excellent article to the *Fortnightly* on "The Art of Flying," in which, without being too technical, he summarizes the successes and failures of aëronauts in the past and gives a lucid statement of the problems which await them in the future.

Mr. Fisher thinks that flying on a scientific basis, as apart from ballooning, had made no real progress before the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. The older attempts were mainly based upon charlatanry. The problem of flight, properly so called, is to support a heavy body by its own motion. Ballooning is a very different thing. The air, thin and yielding as it is, may be made to bear the largest birds or the framework of a flying machine. In fact, "the air is a solid if you hit it hard enough." The difficulty just lies in hitting hard enough; and the proper way is to let the air itself do the hitting. The condor has known this for ages; we have only just begun to see it.

THE LANGLEY AND MAXIM MACHINES.

"The 'aërodrome' of Prof. S. P. Langley has flown for as much as half a mile at a time, driven by a steam engine, and has descended without injury when the motive power was exhausted. Professor Langley has not only made models which have actually flown, but has worked out the conditions under which a plane or set of planes can be supported in the air, through a long series of elaborate and convincing experiments. By means of these he has demonstrated that we possess, in existing steam and other heat engines, 'more than the requisite power to urge a system of rigid planes through the air at a great velocity, making them not only self-sustaining, but capable of carrying other than their own weight.'

"Mr. Maxim claims from experiments with his machine that one horse-power

will lift 133 pounds. In either case, as Mr. Maxim has shown the possibility of building engines up to 300 horse-power weighing only eight pounds per horse-power, there is clearly ample power to drive a loaded aëroplane. The real difficulty, as has been said, is to be sought elsewhere. The obstacles in the way of flight 'lie more in such apparently secondary difficulties as those of guiding the body so that it may move in the direction desired, and ascend or descend in safety, than in what may appear to be the primary difficulties due to the nature of the air itself.'"

LILIENTHAL'S EXPERIENCES.

The most famous of all flying-machine inventors was Otto Lilienthal, who paid the penalty of success with his life some three years ago. Lilienthal's main contention was that the construction of a flying machine was not dependent on motors, and that with a strong wind a man equipped with proper sustaining planes could soar. He proved the truth of this theory by a series of sliding flights from the summit of a hillock, in every case the pressure of the atmosphere raising him from the ground, and he soon acquired great skill in adjusting his wings to suit the currents of wind.

"After a few trials," wrote Lilienthal, "one begins to have a feeling of mastery over the situation. . . . Finally, we become perfectly at ease, even when soaring high in the air, while the indescribably beautiful and gentle gliding over the long sunny slope rekindles our ardour anew at every trial. It does not take very long before it is quite a matter of indifference whether we are gliding along two or twenty yards above the ground. We feel how safely the air is carrying us, even though we see diminutive men looking up at us in astonishment. Soon we pass over ravines as high as houses, and sail for several hundred yards through the air without any danger, parrying the force of the wind at every movement."

It was not all plain sailing, however. "Lilienthal describes how again and again he was seized by sudden gusts, which, before he had time to make the necessary adjustments, carried him high up in the air so swiftly as to take away his breath; yet he always managed to recover his balance and soar on. At other times the wind got on the upper surface of his wings and dashed him arrow-like to the ground, smashing the apparatus and bruising him badly. But he was a strong and skilful gymnast, and practice made him well-nigh perfect in the art of sailing down hill in calm or slightly breezy weather."

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FLYING.

Of Mr. Maxim's experiments Mr. Fisher says:

"Mr. Maxim's machine has undoubtedly power to fly if let loose. That it has not yet done so is due to difficulties of another kind, which make it very uncertain whether the machine would survive a single trial; and as the engine alone is understood to have cost its weight in silver, no one can wonder that the crucial experiment is delayed until there is every prospect of a safe result."

Of the future of flying Mr. Fisher says:

"It is safe to prophesy that the flying machine of the twentieth century will be analogous to a sailing vessel with an auxiliary screw rather than to a mastless steamer. This is the prospect, indeed, that makes flying worth while to search after. It is the effortless soaring of the condor, not the fussy flapping of the sparrow, that must be taken as a model."

How Little We Know.

The lesson how little we know was preached to the members of the Physical Society by its president, Professor Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, at its late meeting in New York. Among the students of the physical sciences in this country, Professor Rowland is one of the most distinguished, and his fame is international.

On such an occasion we usually hear of what we know; it is interesting to be told of what we do not know, and the list of our ignorances is a much larger one than many would think.

Laplace said that gravitation acts instantaneously through space; we have no sufficient proof, says Professor Rowland, that this is true. If two bodies are moving rapidly through space toward, or away from, each other, who can say that their gravitation is unaltered?

Who knows what an atom is? Newton supposed it a round, hard thing which only God could break. We now imagine Newton's atoms as molecules, composed of many atoms, and each of the smaller atoms so elastic that after vibrating a hundred thousand times its amplitude of vibration is hardly diminished, and these atoms of the molecule will vibrate with as many notes. We suppose this atom to

be covered here and there with patches of electricity, and we make of it a system compared with which the universe of planets and stars is simplicity. To understand it is far beyond our power. And what do we know as to the nature of what we call electricity, that subtle force, or movement, or substance, which attaches itself to molecules and atoms and gives them their peculiar power?

And what is the ether which binds all things together and is the medium which carries all forces? We can find for it no atoms, and yet it fills all space without limit, like the ubiquity of God, and through it, and it only, any two portions of matter separated near or far from each other are brought into mutual action, whether through the forces of gravitation, electricity, magnetism, light or heat. It alone carries the vibratory motion of each atom or molecule, to be continued into infinite space. No matter whether the force be as feeble as rubbed amber, or as mighty as the rush of energy from the sun, whether we put into a cubic inch of this ether the thousands of horse-power of heat issuing from the sun's surface, or millions of electric volts, it carries them easily with no signs of breaking down. What is this simple, incomprehensibly simple, ether, and what are its waves, and how do atoms catch hold of ether and start its vibrations? Maxwell and Hertz tell us that the movement of matter alone will not start ethereal waves: its molecules must first be electrified; but what is this electro-magnetism, and how again does it grasp the ether?

Science—and the word means knowledge—only lengthens a little, by each discovery, the radius of what we know, and enlarges the visible circumference of our ignorance. We know something of properties, of relations, but very little of things. We know a little of movements, of qualities, but nothing of matter. We know of love and hate, and joy and fear, and right and wrong, but what do we know of souls? Yet we know enough of inexorable Nature, and of danger and duty, to govern fairly our lives; and what we do not know must be the object of constant search. This search is the highest purpose of science, of whatever sort; yet where in the world, asks Professor Rowland, is the institute of research which has an income of a hundred millions a year, an amount readily granted as the price per year of an army or a navy designed to kill other people?—*The Independent.*

The White Plague.

Dr. E. J. Barrick, of Toronto, issues an important and timely pamphlet on the best means of dealing with the consumptive poor. He urges strongly the establishment and maintenance of rural sanatoria and the co-operation of Dominion and Local Legislatures and municipalities for providing the means therefor. He shows that between the ages of fifteen and sixty, an age when their lives are of most value to the nation and to the home, no less than thirty-seven out of every hundred die of a disease that is preventable and curable. He demonstrates that from a financial point of view it would be extremely economical, apart from all philanthropic or religious considerations, to maintain such sanatoria, and thus lessen the distress and poverty which costs such large expenditure every year. He shows that Canada is eminently adapted for such sanatoria, that we are far behind other countries in their adoption, that an increased interest is being shown in this subject, and that a large committee of the medical men, representing many parts of the Dominion, has been appointed for the promotion of this important movement.

The hottest furnaces in the world are the electrical furnaces at Niagara Falls, where clay is transformed into aluminum; where lime and carbon are combined to form calcium carbide, the chief agent in producing acetylene gas; where carborundum—gem crystals as hard as a diamond and as beautiful as a ruby—is made; where graphite hitherto mined from the earth, is produced as easily as soap; and where, it is predicted, pure diamonds will yet be "produced in quantities and shipped in peck boxes." In the furnaces a heat of more than 6,500 degree F. has been produced—all through the power of the mighty cataract.

We find that the credit given to *La Science Illustrée* in the December number of this magazine for the curious article and illustration on "Fly's Eyes and What They See," should have been given to *The Literary Digest.* We have no hesitation in saying that with its broad outlook on the world of science and invention, of letters and art, of the great movements of the world, the *Digest* gives the best condensed review that we know. We are often indebted to its columns and are glad to acknowle lge our indebtedness.

AN IMPORTANT CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.*

In the Canadian Encyclopædia, issued by the Linscott Publishing Co., one of the most important works ever undertaken in Canada, the editor obtained the co-operation of very many of the leading writers of the Dominion in presenting almost every phase of Canadian affairs, literary, religious, scientific, economic and historical. This great work has made Canada and its resources much better known in Great Britain than ever before, and is a not unimportant link in the tie that is knitting, more closely than ever, the mother and daughter lands.

Encouraged by the success of this enterprise, the Linscott Publishing Company have undertaken a new and still more comprehensive enterprise, of which the Rev. T. S. Linscott is the editor-in-chief. This is no less than a history of the progress of the nineteenth century, in twenty-five octavo volumes. It devotes a volume each to such subjects as religion, temperance, sociology, science, art, literature, education, commerce, inventions, wars, discoveries, explorations, economics, politics, medicine, surgery, hygiene, biography, and, in short, the most varied and important of the interests pertaining to human thought and progress. There is also a volume devoted to India, Japan and China, one to South Africa, and two to the European and American rulers, so that the principal elements of the world's progress appear to be covered.

Among the contributors are many writers of high reputation and of special qualifications for their work. For instance, the progress of India and China during the century is written by the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, the distinguished scholar, diplomat and statesman. That of South Africa is by George McCall Theal, D.Lit., LL.D., historiographer to the Cape Government. He is a native of New Brunswick, who has spent the greatest portion of his life in South Africa. The naval history of the century is by Rear-Admiral Higginson and Commander Kelley. Its military history is by Professor Oscar Browning. The progress of education is by James L. Hughes, of Toronto, and Dr. Louis R. Klemm, of the Bureau of Education, Washington. Temperance and social progress is by the Hon. John G. Woolley, M.A. Progress of science is by Professor J. A. Thomson, of the University of Aberdeen. A book of very special importance is that on the fine art of the century, by William Sharp, one of the ablest art critics living. The inventions of the century are treated by an expert commissioner of the Patent Office, Washington, Economics and industrial progress is by Dr. Henry de B. Gibbins, a distinguished Oxford graduate. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins treats with his well-known ability the progress of Canada during the century. James Stanley Little, well-known all over the English-speaking world and beyond as a brilliant man of letters, describes the progress of the British Empire in the century. T. H. Escott, M.A., who succeeded Mr. John Morley as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, writes on the British Sovereigns of the century. Percy M. Thornton, LL.D., M.P. for Clapham and Battersea in the House of Commons, who has written much on the foreign policy of Great Britain, writes on the continental rulers of the century. Prof. W. P. Trent, LL.D., writes on the progress of the United States. Prof. A. B. de Mille, of King's College, Windsor, writes on the literature of the century. No aspect of the world's progress is more striking than that of medicine, surgery and hygiene. This is ably treated by Dr. E. A. Stafford, first Assistant Physician of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. The important subject of the religious progress of the century has been assigned to the Editor of this magazine, who has endeavoured to treat as adequately as possible this subject.

This unique series, which will constitute a library in itself, covering almost every conceivable aspect of the world's progress, is sold only on subscription at from $2.00 to $3.00 a volume, according to the binding. The Linscott Publishing Company, Toronto, will furnish detailed prospectus on application.

*"The Nineteenth Century Series." Twenty-five volumes. The Linscott Publishing Co., London, England, and Toronto, Canada.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—*Shakespeare.*

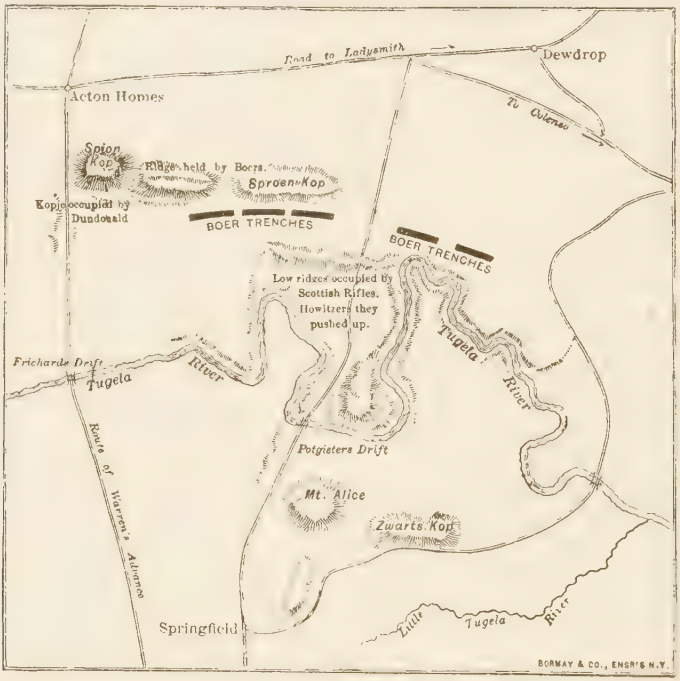
The World's Progress.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
  By countless morns impearled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
  Her branches sweep the world ;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
  Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
  And linking land with land.

O, ye wandering tempest sown
  'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
  That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
  On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
  Perchance may one day call.



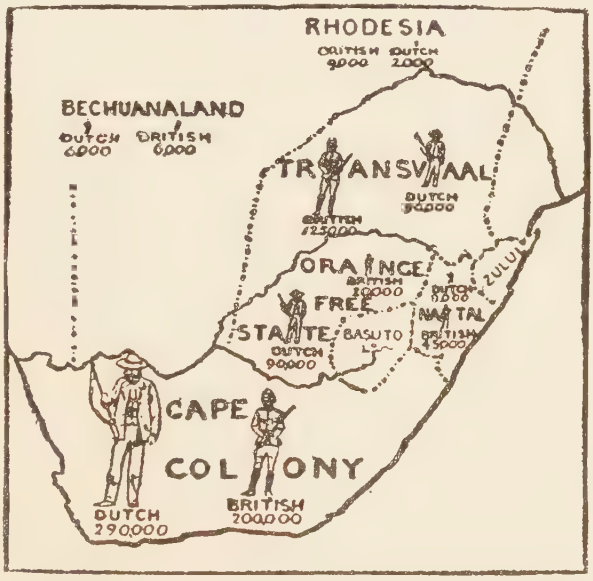
SCENE OF GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCES ACROSS THE TUGELA.

We may assume that the darkest hour before the dawn has passed, that the prospects of British supremacy in South Africa will brighten to the perfect day. The very fact that Great Britain was found so unprepared is demonstration that she was reluctantly forced into this unhappy war. The very fact that the Boers were so elaborately prepared, so reinforced with foreign help, the defiant ultimatum of Kruger and the invasion by the burghers of British territory, the besieging of British towns, and the Boer menace to wage such a war as would "stagger humanity" by its slaughter, all prove the deep conspiracy to drive the British into the sea and erect a Dutch dominion from the Zambesi to the Cape.

Nor does this seem a mad dream. Our diagram illustrating the proportions between the Dutch and British in South Africa shows what great numerical superiority the Dutch have throughout the whole country. Even in the Transvaal the slight preponderance of the British, who had created Johannesburg

and its wealth, is offset by the fact that they were completely disarmed, while the Boers were armed to the teeth. The Dutch preponderance and the freedom of the franchise accorded by the British in Cape Colony, placed the local government completely in their hands, the majority of the Government, and Premier Schreiner himself, being thoroughly pro-Boer, thus enabling arms and ammunition to be imported into the Orange Free State through British territory up to the very outbreak of hostilities.

Great Britain would be unworthy of her name if she forsook the loyal little colony of Natal, invaded by overwhelming armies of Boers, its country ravaged, its towns besieged, its farms pillaged, if she did not come to its rescue. Great as have been the British reverses, the wonder is that they have not been greater, when every pound of supplies, arms and ammunition, forage, food, and every soldier, except the loyal South African forces, had to be brought six thousand miles by sea, and much of it a thousand miles by land, whereas the Boers had their resources of men, arms, ammunition, food and supplies on the spot, and with the money stolen from the Uitlanders, were smuggling through Portuguese territory mercenary recruits from every nation in Europe. No wonder that the Bishop of Kaffraria, who has been working with the natives for forty years, declares that this was a holy war. The chief difficulty of the campaign has been the treachery of the Dutch colonists in British territory, who betrayed every movement to the Boers, and gave all possible aid and comfort to the enemies of Britain.



THE SIZE OF THE FIGURES SHOWS THE PROPORTION OF DUTCH AND BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Is this a Righteous War?

The souls of many good people have been greatly exercised by the question as to the moral rectitude of the present war. There are those who are utterly opposed to war on any grounds, against any wrong or oppression, or in defence of any rights and liberties, however sacred. With these no argument can be had. The very administration of law, order and justice in the world implies the ultimate rule of force—the power to imprison, to punish, even with death, the violator of the eternal principles of righteousness and justice.

The history of Great Britain has shown, we believe, that she is the policeman of the nations, that her wars for a hundred years have been for the maintenance of righteousness and justice and ultimate peace, that the conquered people were immensely better for their conquest, that almost without exception these wars have been forced upon her by invasion of territory or revolt of subject tribes. We can recall no such instance of aggression or foreign invasion as the American conquest of Mexico, the invasion of Cuba and conquest in the Philippines.

The present war, into which Britain has been forced, is one, we judge, entirely for the defence of her loyal colonists and of territory which she has held for a hundred years. If this war is unjust, then would Britain have no right to assist Canada to repel a horde of Fenian invaders, or to suppress a mutiny in India, or to resist a foreign attack upon her Australian empire. Terrible as the ordeal is, we believe that Briton and Boer shall alike rejoice in a higher civilization in South Africa, that the black

race, freed from the oppressions of the Boers, shall enjoy the blessings of the Gospel as they never enjoyed them before.

The Pious Boers.

We have small patience with those who contrast the piety of the Boers with that of the God-fearing British soldiers. There are those on both sides, we doubt not, who neither fear God nor regard man, but it is like a gleam of light in a dark cloud to know that in the beleaguered town of Ladysmith every day a meeting

COMMANDEERING THE BOERS.

is held for prayer, where General White is almost invariably in attendance. General Warren, we are told, is another Havelock, a man of prayer. The Wesleyan and other chaplains have their communion service on the sands.

There may be a form of religion where there is little of its power, and we think a good deal of the Boer piety is of that sort. We have heard Kruger described, we know not with what truth, as "a sanctimonious bandit, whose mouth is filled with Scripture and his pockets filled with bribes." Only the Just Judge of all can decide, but we see neither justice nor patriotism in traducing the virtue of our kinsmen and countrymen, and magnifying the merits of the enemies of our Queen and country.

It is one thing with self-righteous unctuousness to say with the Boers, "The people of the Lord, the people of the Lord are we," and to invoke the imprecations of the Psalms upon the British. It is another and better thing to do justice and love mercy and walk uprightly before God. The record of Great Britain in dealing with subject races in India, in Ceylon, in China, in Canada, in the Soudan, and in South Africa, in administering justice, in showing mercy, bestowing a higher civilization, in giving the Gospel, is a record of which we may feel proud. The history of the Boers is one long, dark catalogue of oppression, cruelty and wrong toward the hapless native races, of flagrant injustice and treachery to the Outlanders and the stranger within their gates.

Lessons of the War.

One of the lessons of the war is the enormous advantage that modern weapons of precision have given a force acting on the defensive. This was first shown at Plevna, where a few thousand Turks, half starved, half clothed, amid the rigours of a Balkan winter, held the mountain passes for months against the whole power of Russia. Since then the improvements in the magazine rifle, the quick-firing and machine guns make it almost impossible to cross the fire zone of from two to four miles without almost absolute destruction.

The defence of the little garrisons of Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith against tremendous odds for well-nigh four months, are among the most heroic in history. On the hundredth day of the Mafeking siege, the loyal message sent to the Queen demonstrated the unconquerable resolve of this little garrison to hold out to the end. This lesson of the possibilities of defence will be well pondered by Russia before she attempts to force the passes of the Himalayas. India, with all the vast interests of three

hundred million people, is invincible against the attack of the northern Colossus across the snowy mountains of Afghanistan.

The wonderful mobility of the Boers is one of the most striking features of the campaign. They live most of their time on horseback, are used to hunting giraffes and antelopes, and are splendid shots at distant and even moving objects, as many a British soldier has found to his cost. One of our cuts shows the commandeering of the Boers for the army. Every inhabitant of the country, burgher or British, is ordered out to service. Many of the British have been thus commandeered, and exempted only on payment of enormous fines, and sometimes have been forced to the front despite their protest and resistance. Another cut shows the parade of these Centaur-like troops, probably the best horse-soldiers in the world.

BOER COMMANDO.

Uniting the Empire.

A man may be a brilliant historian of the past, yet may be greatly mistaken as a prophet of the future. Professor Goldwin Smith, writing from Sicily, affirms that the Transvaal war has driven the last nail into the coffin of Imperial Federation ; that the British colonies, alarmed at the peril, will not be entangled with the difficulties of a menaced empire. Professor Smith greatly misinterprets the temper of the colonists. Dr. Conan Doyle, on the contrary, asserts that Kruger deserves a monument as huge as St. Paul's, for consolidating the British Empire. The reverses of Great Britain have kindled the loyal enthusiasm and sympathy of her far-spread colonies as a score of victories would not have done. They have welded the empire at a white heat into an indissoluble whole. They have shown the jealous nations of Europe that in any attack on Great Britain they must deal, not with the tight little island alone, but with her forty colonies around the world. It is an eloquent tribute to the justice of British rule, that the Indian princes, whose country was, forty years ago, in desperate revolt, are to-day eagerly offering men and money to maintain Imperial power.

We have received from Mr. Stead copies of his intolerant *War against War*, the standing heading of which represents a truculent-looking John Bull grasping with both hands the Soudan and South Africa. In this traitorous sheet Mr. Stead vents his venom upon the country that gives him its protection, and as a special advocate and defender of the Boers almost out-Leyds Leyds himself. He thus does infinite harm by creating in the Transvaal and in Europe the impression that his noisy vituperation re-

presents any considerable section of the British people. The loyal rally of the British press, the British people, and their representatives in the British Parliament, for the maintenance of British rights and British liberties, demonstrates the loyalty of the nation to British institutions which are menaced by the despotic oligarchy of the Boers. Mr. Stead quotes with seeming approval the parody on Kipling's Recessional by Mr. Secretary Reitz, of the Orange Free State, as follows:

"Gods of the Jingo—Brass and Gold,
Lords of the world by 'Right Divine,'
Under whose baneful sway they hold
Dominion over 'Mine and Thine.'
Such Lords as these have made them rotten,
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

"Drunken with lust of Power and Pelf,
They hold nor man nor God in awe,
But care for naught but only Self,
And cent. per cent.'s their only Law.
These are their Lords, for they are rotten.
They have forgotten—they have forgotten.

"For boastful brag and foolish fake
Th' Imperialist shall 'take the cake.'"

Mr. Stead might leave this anti-British cant to the anti-British journals of Belgium and Russia, many of them bought with Boer gold, and to the gutter journalists of Paris. If Mr. Stead were to publish in Pretoria such disloyal sentiments, he would probably be shot. If he published them in Russia, or Prussia, or France, he would soon find his paper suppressed and himself in prison.

Mr. Stead's intense egotism makes him think he has a commission to run the universe. As he hastened from Chicago to London at the time of the last general election in England, *Punch* represents him as trying to hold down the tight little island to keep it from drifting out to sea. His restless activity makes him the self-appointed ambassador to the sovereigns of Europe, to Pope and potentate and Czar, as though he, and not the responsible ministers of the crown, represented the wisdom of the empire.

The visionary character of Mr. Stead's mind is shown by his assertion that he has a spiritualist medium, Julia, who guides his pen; and by his prognostication that the Church of the future will run a theatre and a bar-room. With all his admirable and chivalrous qualities, Mr. Stead cannot be accepted as a safe guide of the nation.

"To add to our comfort," says the *Monetary Times*, "Mr. Stead reminds us, in a flaring headline, that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, with the prospect of trouble by Fenians and United Irishmen."

Mr. Stead goes on to say that sending so many troops abroad has left part of the empire exposed to an imminent peril, that London is defenceless, that it needs only a bold effort on the part of France to smite at the nation's very life.

Political Tactics.

It is the bane of American politics that a few noisy demagogues can put their country in a false light, and smirch its reputation before the world. During the Fenian Raid in 1866 the postmaster of Buffalo publicly harangued the fanatical Irish invaders of a friendly neighbouring country. The other day the Mayor of Detroit, at a public meeting, avowed his sympathy with his "fellow-republicans of the Transvaal," and denounced the "tyranny of Great Britain" in making war upon them—that is, in defending her own colonies from invasion.

Those who know the traditional tail-twisting propensities of the political demagogue will understand that the purpose is to catch Irish, Polish, Bohemian votes and inflame foreign prejudice to the benefit of their own political party, and will know how to discount these sentiments. In this connection the *Outlook* remarks:

"The few who are urging hostile action because the English are in trouble do not count; they are either Irishmen who have brought their race antipathies with them and who have not yet become Americans, or a very few Americans who are afflicted with that form of Anglomania which is intense in inverse ratio to the judgment, wisdom, and restraint of the victim."

The *Independent*, after summing up the argument pro-Boer and pro-Briton, says:

"It is beyond question that the British Government in South Africa represents a higher and more progressive civilization and a juster rule over the black races than does that of the Boers. The independence of the Transvaal means the annexation, already partly proclaimed, of all South Africa. It means Dutch for English, and Dutch of two centuries ago. It puts an end to the advance of British civilization northward. For this reason, for the honour of the British Government, for the welfare of the continent, for the progress of civilization, Great Britain must maintain its right of control."

Intervention.

The alleged mutiny of some Soudanese battalions is fomented and magnified by the French as a reason for the interference of the Powers in Egypt. But the Powers are not going to make themselves the catspaw of the unstable French Republic, which has had a new ministry for every year of its history. The wise statesmanship and good offices of the German Emperor will pretty effectually frustrate Dr. Leyds' feverish attempt at procuring intervention in Africa, especially in view of the mobilizing of Britain's fleet of seven hundred war-ships, and the reorganizing of her home defences.

The Open Door at the Isthmus.

By the cancellation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and securing the Nicaragua Canal, like the Suez Canal, as an open door to all nations in time of peace or war, Great Britain has shown at once her good will towards the United States and her enlightened commercial policy towards the whole world. A few of the Jingo Senators seemed determined that this should be an exclusively American enterprise, fortified and controlled by American forts and troops, though in a foreign country. But on sober second thought, they seem to recognize the wisdom of accepting Great Britain's generous abrogation of the treaty by which she was entitled to joint control. The settlement of this Canal question cannot fail to greatly strengthen the friendship between the two countries.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and Mr. Balfour's recent utterance is, we believe, one of undefeasible truth. "No more false or stupid calumny was ever invented than the accusation that Great Britain was animated by a petty desire to add wealthy regions to an already gigantic empire. No mere acquisition of territory could compensate for a war costing so much blood and treasure."

On the Right Tack.

A cartoon in a London paper rightly describes the English position. Lord Salisbury as a veteran pilot is steering the ship of State upon a stormy sea. On the wheel are inscribed the words, "Equal rights for all." Beneath is the legend, "On the Right Tack." We doubt not that under God's blessing the good ship will triumphantly weather this storm as she has weathered many another.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

"We are now finding," said the Colonial Secretary, "the infinite potentialities and resources of the empire. We are advancing to the realization of that great federation of our race which must inevitably make for peace, liberty and justice."

FOR HONOUR.

Britannia, armed, goes forth to war
To fling aside a half-closed door.
She bears the blazoned British shield,
And none but her that spear can wield.
Come! Who will follow, who will ride,
For England's honour at her side?

Sons of Britannia! You shall fight
Not solely for your country's right:
Wise-ruling Peace's life is made
The guerdon of your rescuing blade,
Not for your heritage alone—
For Progress, fainting on her throne.

The corn-seed dies to yield the ear;
By Death comes Life in higher sphere,
Fear not to die! The best we give
Shall rear the best—die we, or live—
As fell the heroes of our race
That we might live to fill their place.

God is not mocked! His Law shall run;
His chariot wheels are rolling on.
Who dares to stay them? Let us stand
To clear the path—a steadfast band.
As we have dealt, in ages past,
Oh, Lord! deal Thou with us, at last!

—*London Chronicle.*

As we go to press a British War Office despatch says that Kimberley is relieved. Flags are flying on a large number of buildings. Thank God.

Religious Intelligence.

The Methodist Social Union.

The banquet of the Toronto Social Union in Trinity Church was one of ideal excellence. It was a very happy thought of Mr. Chester D. Massey, who was the prime mover in organizing this Union, to bring together in social and practical relations the most active spirits of Toronto Methodism. They have thus learned to know each other better and to love each other more. They have been enabled to raise many thousands of dollars for the relief of embarrassed churches in the suburbs of the city, they have promoted the unity and solidarity and spiritual prosperity of Toronto Methodism in a remarkable degree.

At one thing we specially rejoice—they are thoroughly democratic. Some of the social unions of the United States have been criticised by the Methodist press because they are not social. They are rather high-toned, high-priced functions for dress-suit people, whereas, the critic observes, not two per cent. of Methodists have a dress-suit. Ours in Canada are intended to bring the working forces of Methodism into vital contact. At the Metropolitan Church last year, every class-leader and official in our city churches was invited, and most of them were present, when Mr. Fudger and other laymen gave wise counsels.

None who heard it will ever forget the impressive address of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, its spiritual elevation, its intense religious earnestness, and its wide suggestiveness to those who are specially called to minister to the people in holy things.

The eminently practical suggestions of Mr. Alfred Briggs, as to how to reach the young men of our congregations, touched a subject of vital importance. We trust that it will be followed up by the committee to which it was referred, with important results. Mr. Briggs, we have reason to know, practices what he preaches in his earnest efforts to reach and teach the young men to whom he has access.

The comprehensive address of the Rev. T. E. E. Shore, on the needs and suggested methods of a forward movement of Toronto Methodism was an inspiration.

The Rev. Alfred Brown, President of the Conference, spoke strongly on the deepening of the spiritual life of the Church as the need of the hour. This was ably emphasized by Dr. Sutherland, the chairman, and supported by Mr. Chester D. Massey, who spoke of the beneficent results which have already followed the Twentieth Century Fund campaign, and urged that special prayer and effort should be put forth in Toronto for an awaking of the spiritual life of the Church, which should stir the whole country from sea to sea.

Rescue Work.

In connection with Methodist Home Mission work in Toronto, the visit of Mrs. Whittemore, of the Open Door Mission in New York, made a profound impression. Her addresses, both in Toronto and Montreal, deeply stirred the hearts of the many thousands who heard her. Out of her remarkable experiences she reported miracles of grace in saving the most utterly fallen, and challenged the Church to fulfil its duty in, like the blessed Saviour, seeking and saving that which was lost.

No labours can be more Christly and sacred than that of such rescue work, but there is another that is still more important. In this case more than in any others is it true that an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. The young people in our schools and homes should be instructed and fortified to meet the temptations which they must encounter, to keep themselves unspotted from the world, like King Arthur's blameless knight, "speak no evil; no, nor listen to it," to emulate the saintly Galahad who gained the vision of the Holy Grail, "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." For all time no higher standard of perfect conduct and character can be set up than that of St. Paul, to "intreat the elder women as mothers; the younger as sisters, with all purity."

Student Volunteers.

The visit to our Canadian colleges of Mr. John S. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Volunteer Society, was an occasion of very great interest.

Mr. Mott represents a great body of 56,000 students in eleven different nations, of whom 1,686 have volunteered for missionary service, and 565 have already sailed for mission fields. Among these are 366 women, 118 of whom are already in the mission field. In seeking specially to enlist student life in Christian service, the Association is securing the very best possible recruits for the moral conquest of the world. These men and women are among the intellectual *élite* of the age, not in natural endowment, but in the opportunity they enjoy. These are they who will largely mould the life and thought and character of the coming century, who will be the teachers and preachers, editors and statesmen, lawyers and physicians, engineers and scientists of the future, those under whose hand is placed the Archimedian lever that shall lift the world.

At the beginning of this century, and even much more recently, the colleges were honeycombed with infidelity. To attend college was the sole privilege of the sons of wealth, who were assailed with special temptations to extravagance and vice. To-day there is no class in the community which holds so lofty ideals, of which so many members are pronounced Christians, as college students. The colleges are no longer the privilege of the rich, but the poor man's son, if he have grace, grit and gumption, can work his way to the very foremost rank.

The Problem of the Cities.

The problem of the cities is one that presses more and more urgently upon the heart of the Church. It is in vain that we erect handsome buildings and conduct decorous services if we do not reach the unchurched masses. If they will not come to the Gospel we must take the Gospel to them. Toronto Methodism is rising to a sense of its duty in this repect. The Fred Victor Mission is being strengthened and enlarged, the Agnes Street Mission in the heart of St. John's Ward has been formed. A forward movement is undertaken which will involve at least a cost of $5,000. The city churches are rallying around the enterprise. At the last board meeting sixteen of them were represented. It is hoped they all will lend a hearty aid. It will do the churches who help this mission as much good as it will do the objects of their Christian zeal.

The Rev. T. E. E. Shore, Superintendent of the Fred Victor Mission, is full of zeal and energy in this great work. He is thoroughly arousing the Toronto churches, and the city mission number of the *Guardian* will, we trust, stimulate the other towns and cities of Canada to undertake aggressive work of this sort. At these missions the evangelistic department, with gospel services nearly every day in the week, comes first; then follows educational work, with clubs and classes, savings bank, library, etc. Special attention is given to the industrial work, with instruction in domestic science, kitchen garden, manual training, kindergarten, etc. An Employment Bureau helps the men to find work and helps employers to find men.

The sermon of Mr. Hadley, leader of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York, himself a reformed drunkard and thief, now an apostle of God, was one of thrilling power.

Methodist Reunion.

In England our friends are pressing to a successful conclusion their great Million Guinea Fund. One of the grandest features of this movement in the Mother Church of Methodism, as in our own, is its thoroughly democratic character. It welcomes, of course, the large givings of the rich, but they have no pre-eminence of honour. The collier lad, the servant-maid, appears on the Honour Roll side by side with the coal baron, the great mill-owner, and the lord of many acres.

The Wesleyans are devising a great forward movement for the new century. In London, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, missions of the masses will be vigorously pressed. A feeling of broader brotherhood is being developed. The *Methodist Times* presents a plan for closer Methodist union and reunion. Among the wise suggestions are: a common Methodist Hymn-book for the United Kingdom—and why not for the world? Co-operation in carrying on enterprises of common interest, as theological institutions and missionary work, pulpit interchange, and more intimate acquaintance and intercourse between congregations of the different Methodist Churches, union services and the consolidation of Methodism in rural regions where the various bodies maintain a struggle for existence. A still wider co-operation is urged by the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches. It proposes a simultaneous and united mission throughout the whole of England and Wales with the dawn of the new century. It is

expected that fifteen days' united mission will be held in the heart of the empire. "All the Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian Churches be invited, in the name of Christ, and for the salvation of men, to put on one side every denominational engagement of every kind, and for once, for the first time in the history of Christendom, to unite together for a Mission to London." In continuation thereof a similar mission will be held throughout the kingdom.

Marriage Lessens Crime.

The *American Journal of Sociology* notes the important influence of marriage in the lessening of crime. Among the restraints which marriage places upon the criminality of the married man is the fear of bringing disgrace upon the family and lasting shame to the children. With the need of defending and supporting a family, there comes, too, increased respect for religion, law, and property—the defending and supporting institutions of society, and last, but not least, to be mentioned among these deterrent effects of marriage upon the married male, is the influence of the constant and intimate association of the man with a member of the sex, the criminality of which is very low when compared with that of his own.

The Doukhobors.

An important element in the population of our great North-West will be its foreign immigration. While opinions differ as to the Galicians and some others, yet the testimony as to the high character of the Finns, Icelanders, and Doukhobors is very strong. Of the latter, the Rev. W. G. Bradford, Methodist missionary at Swan Lake, Manitoba, writes in warm commendation. He believes that they are "by far the very best foreigners ever brought into our country." They have attended several of the Methodist services, drawn by the singing and their own intense love for music. The contractor for the Canadian Northern Railway says: "I have found them to be without exception the best men I have ever had on railway work." Mr. P. McKay, of Swan Lake, says: "They are very sharp business men. They will neither cheat nor be cheated." They will doubtless be an element of much importance in the peopling of our Great Lone Land.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Morning Post* calls attention to the remarkable indications of religious awakening in Italy, which is giving much anxiety to the Papal authorities. He writes: "If there is a movement in some Protestant nations to return toward Catholicism, it is interesting to note that in Italy, which remained almost untouched by the Reformation, *a serious Protestant movement is taking place.* The Valdese Church, which formerly had a very tormented existence in the Alps and in its colony near Messina, has been growing in different parts of Italy since 1870."

Rev. John Dunn Dinnick.

Brother Dinnick passed away from labour to reward on January 14th. He was an honoured minister of the Primitive Methodist Church in England. During his ten years' residence in Canada he rendered valuable service to the Church of God, as health permitted. His record was one of unusual usefulness. Through his ministrations hundreds of souls were led to the Saviour. He was also a writer of great ability. His book on "The Shekinah of the Soul" reveals deep spiritual insight. His last illness was a long and painful one, borne with Christian patience. His end was peace. As devout men bore him to his burial, it was felt that a brother, honoured and beloved, had passed from toil to triumph.

Rev. Oliver McCann.

We have had a few, but not many, ministers of our Church, who were brought up in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. There is something in the religious experience of Methodism that appeals strongly to the feelings of our warm-hearted Irish Roman Catholic friends. This Gideon Ouseley, the great apostle of Irish Methodism, amply demonstrated, as he won hundreds of converts by his sweet singing of the Methodist hymns and his recognition of the seeds of truth in the Roman Catholic faith. He would begin a service by unstinted praise of the Virgin Mary, "the blessed among women," and quote her words concerning her Divine Son, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

The Methodist converts from the Roman Catholic faith bring no railing accusation against the Church of their fathers, but by exalting the living Christ, instead of the dead crucifix, draw the hearts of men to the Saviour. Our late brother McCann was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, and his brother,

the Rev. J. McCann, is a priest of that faith and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Toronto.

The Rev. Alfred McCann entered the Methodist ministry forty years ago, and for nearly four full decades served with zeal the Church of his choice. His labours were chiefly in what are now the Bay of Quinte and Montreal Conferences. In 1897 he was compelled by ill-health to retire from the active work of the ministry, but was able to take part in the service of the sanctuary till within a few weeks of his death. He was a good man and true, a successful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. He died at Westmount, Montreal, and Rev. Dr. Shaw and Rev. G. G. Huxtable, at his funeral, paid generous tribute to his character.

Rev. J. S. Youmans, D.D.

Under the heading "Another Great Man Called," the *Western Christian Advocate*, of Cincinnati, pays the following tribute to a distinguished Canadian Methodist minister:

"The Rev. Jay S. Youmans, D.D., was born in Picton, Canada, July 4th, 1831. He was converted when only eight years of age, through the gracious influence of Christian parents. His stepmother was the first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Canada. By marriage he was related to Thomas Carlyle.

"He was educated in Picton, and entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Church at twenty-one. In 1856 he was married to Miss Lucy O. Cummings, the saintly woman who survives him, and whose life moved in even pace with his. He served five important churches in Canada, having the confidence and love of all the people. Hoping that a change of climate might be advantageous to his invalid wife, the family removed to the United States in 1871. He served four of the principal churches of Cleveland and was six years presiding elder of the Youngstown District.

A Heterodox Saint.

Under this heading the *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, pays a noble tribute to the Rev. Dr. James Martineau, who died in London, January 12th, in his ninety-fifth year. It is characteristic of the breadth of Christian sentiment in Methodism that it recognizes as a soldier of God any ally in the conflict against agnosticism and infidelity. This is but carrying out the spirit of John Wesley, who paid a generous tribute to the life and labours of Dr. Priestley, the distinguished Unitarian.

The *Methodist Times* and *Methodist Recorder* both have articles on his life-work. The Rev. W. Scott King, in the *Times*, writes: "Mr. Gladstone once said, 'Dr. Martineau is the greatest of living thinkers.' It is a matter of almost tragic regret that, though he repudiated the name of 'Unitarian,' he should have had to spend his saintly and strenuous life practically an alien from the fold of Nonconformist Christendom. There were two Wesleyan ministers at his grave, and I felt glad that we were there, seeing that, though in our estimate of our common Master we rightly esteemed his lower than ours, yet his writings have been to not a few of the lineage of John Wesley, an inspiration, an awakening, a stimulus, and a benediction beyond the power of words to express."

The Rev. James Dunk, in the *Recorder*, writes: "No evangelist has surpassed him, not many have equalled him, in his showing of Christian ethics. But men asked for more than ethics; they asked for an atonement, for supernatural helps in life's daily round. With some, the very resplendence of the Christ he preached widened the chasm between Him and their thirsting souls. The crudest theologian, stammering elementary evangelism, or shouting the story of his conversion in vulgar tones and impossible English, has often wrought a work beyond the reach of Dr. Martineau. It is for this we sigh. If Dr. Martineau could but have believed in Jesus the Redeemer, what might he not have been? He might have been a greater Drummond—or, if the chronological leap may be pardoned—a nineteenth-century Origen."

The following stanzas from some of his hymns breathe the very spirit of the Gospel. The second and third are from a hymn for Good Friday:

"Thy way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with Thee;
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea."

"O King of earth! the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

"Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of Thy love!"

Book Notices.

The Map of Life, Conduct and Character. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

For over forty years Lecky has been one of the most considerable intellectual forces of the English-speaking world. As the author of the "Intellectual Development of Europe" and of many volumes of history, and as a member of the British House of Commons, he has largely moulded public opinion. In this volume he gives us the conclusions of a ripened experience on the conduct of life. He finds the chief elements of happiness in a life full of work, in duty bravely done, in the creation of unselfish interests and in resisting the temptations of luxurious idleness which would bring the wretchedness of *ennui*. He notes some of the false ideals in life, its luxury and ostentation, its false moral judgments, its depravities as illustrated in war, in the malevolent press, in the mendacities of finance. He utters wise words on the use of money, on marriage, and on the right use of time.

This book is high-class literature. Of this the demand for a second edition within a month after the first is evidence. It contains much of worth and wisdom. The philosophy is that rather of Zeno than of St. Paul. His conclusion is: "The great guiding landmarks of a wise life are indeed few and simple; to do our duty—to avoid useless sorrow—to acquiesce patiently in the inevitable."

With a loftier wisdom than that of the great scholar, the wayfaring man may lay hold upon the strength of One who is mighty to save and who can impart to our human weaknesses divine strength which "always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Mr. Lecky in a striking passage points out the perversion of morals which permitted such a distinguished man as Cardinal Gibbons to condone the treachery and violation of their oaths by the Fenian conspirators.

How England Saved Europe—The Story of the Great War. By W. H. Fitchett. In four volumes. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The author of this book is a Wesleyan Methodist minister in Australia, the head of a successful college, and also editor of the Australian edition of the *Review of Reviews*. He won fame by his vivid narratives of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and "Fights for the Flag." In this work, on broader canvas, he treats the noble theme of the great war against the arch-despot, Napoleon. At this time of stress and strain, when most of the nations of Europe are venting their spleen against the grand old champion of liberty, it is well to notice how glad they were of her aid when the Corsican conqueror was overthrowing the oldest dynasties on the Continent and placing his kinsmen on their empty thrones.

It is an heroic story. Not for herself but for her allies were these battles fought. Secure herself, by the protection of "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coast," she crossed the sea to aid the Spaniards, the Germans, the Russians to throw off the yoke of Napoleon—and she accomplished her task. Then, as now, her strong right arm was her navy, that at St. Vincent, at Camperdown, at the Nile, and at Trafalgar, dealt such weighty blows.

Dr. Fitchett records this epic of empire with striking vigour and vivacity—in a way that makes the blood tingle in one's veins. The hero of this volume is England's greatest sailor, Nelson; as the hero of succeeding volumes will be her greatest soldier, Wellington. The romance of fiction is even more surpassed by the romance of history. The book is brought out in the Scribner's best style with sixteen portraits and other pictures, and eight plans of Britain's sea-fights.

The Great Sinners of the Bible. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Banks is one of the busiest preachers with tongue and pen on this continent. He has made his down-town church in Cleveland a power for righteousness. Too often Sunday evening services have been secularized by musical attractions and sensational sermons in order to draw the crowd. But there is no attraction equal to that of the old-fashioned

preaching of the Gospel, especially that pungent preaching which says to the sinner, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." "On Sunday night," says Dr. Banks, "I preach to sinners as directly and simply and earnestly as I know how, and hundreds of them come to hear me preach every Sunday night. I do not try to preach an easy Gospel. I do not call the sermon a lecture or an address, or try in any way to hide the fact that it is a straightforward, honest effort to win a man from his sins and bring him to the mercy-seat. I go just as directly to his conscience as I can. I plead with him, with all the earnestness there is in me, to pause in his downward career and come *now* to Christ.

"I find there is wonderful interest in the old Bible stories; that no story of modern fiction has such gripping power on an audience as the old stories of the Bible translated into modern language and told in the tongue of to-day. There are in every community men and women who are living sinful lives, whose consciences constantly rebuke them for their course, who are haunted with a longing for something better, and whose hearts turn toward the man who speaks the true message from God, as a flower toward the sun. They feel that he speaks to them, and they cannot stay away. Though the word pierces like an arrow, they will come back again and again, until they are won from their sins and are saved."

"My own method," he adds, "is to seek for direct results from such sermons whenever and wherever they are delivered. At the close of a sermon especially addressed to unconverted people I always give some opportunity for confession of Christ and the expression of a determination to lead a Christian life. Set your pulpit on fire, brother, with an earnest giving of yourself to save men, and multitudes of sinners will flock to see the flame, their hard hearts will be melted, and they will be saved."

This book re-tells the wonderful Bible stories of sin and salvation in a way that grips the conscience and leads sinners to the Saviour.

The Old Faith and The New Philosophy, Lectures delivered before the Canadian Summer School for the Clergy, in Port Hope, Ont., July, 1899. By G. J. Low, D.D., Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, and Rector of Trinity Church, Billings' Bridge. With an Introduction by PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Queen's University. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

We count it a happy augury of Christian unity that this volume by an eminent Canon of the Church of England, introduced by an eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church, is issued from the press of the Methodist Church in Canada. Canon Low asks the question, "Is the Old Faith compatible with the New Philosophy?" and answers it in this wise: "We propose to accept in full the New Philosophy. We shall not argue that this or that is only an hypothesis at present, and therefore, to be ignored, or that this or that link is missing. We will, for the sake of argument, assume or concede the whole system, and then strive to show that the great doctrines of the Christian faith are consonant with the evolution which pervades the works of God—that the Natural Law has been projected into the Spiritual World, to adopt Drummond's happy phrase; or, in the language of that grand master of metaphysical theology, Bishop Butler, we shall endeavour to establish the analogy of revealed religion to the constitution and course of nature, as interpreted by the New Philosophy."

Thus it is a learned and scholarly work, and cannot fail to confirm the faith of any who may have been fearful that the New Philosophy of these latter days, in any of its aspects, is undermining the authority of revealed religion.

A Dictionary of the Bible: Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, Natural History and Literature. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Revised and edited by REV. F. N. and M. A. PELOUBET. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 818. Price, $2.00.

Every Sunday-school teacher ought to have a good Bible dictionary. There are many occasions in which information beyond what is given in the lesson notes is necessary. This is often not given in the commentaries nor elsewhere, except in a work like this. Dr. William Smith's famous Bible dictionary, the fruit of the ripest biblical scholarship in England, has long had a distinguished reputation. It is here condensed into one handy volume, brought up to recent date, and presented in clear, concise form. One of the most favourable features about the book is its copious illustration. A single picture will often give a more vivid and correct idea than pages of description.

Of these illustrations there are no less than 440, with eight coloured maps. We know of no better apparatus for the average teacher than this handsome volume. For a book of its size and character it is marvellously cheap at two dollars.

The Scotch-Irish in History, As Master Builders of Empires, States, Churches, Schools and Civilization. By Rev. James Shaw, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. 438. Price, $1.50.

Dr. Shaw has a good subject for this goodly volume. The exploits of the Scotch-Irish would fill an even larger volume than this. His countrymen have been indeed builders of empire and pioneers of civilization in many lands; especially in the field of morals and religion. As great preachers and teachers, as social and moral reformers, as leaders of philanthropy, as well as patriots and pillars of the commonweal, the Scotch-Irish have been abundantly in evidence. Dr. Shaw says: "The Scotch-Irish throughout the Dominion form one-third of the population, and own two-thirds of the wealth." Throughout Canada and the United States the great proportion of the foremost names, the founders and builders of our commonweal, are of this nationality. To all such Dr. Shaw's handsome volume will prove both interesting and instructive.

Bible Questions. By James M. Campbell, Author of "Clerical Types." 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

These studies are the fruit of pastoral experience. "They have," says the author, "stood the test of practical experiment. Apart from their value to the general reader as opening up a profitable line of Bible study, it is believed that they will prove of special value to the busy pastor as furnishing the seed-corn for a course of sermons especially adapted to the young. They are also recommended for use as Prayer-Meeting Topics for the Church Prayer-Meeting or for Young People's Societies." The leading events of the Christian year, such as Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter, are taken up in order. A direct and personal appeal is made, not to the intellect alone, but also to the conscience and to the heart. The bearing of doctrine upon duty is clearly pointed out, and effort is made to apply the unchanging conditions of human life. Hence, not only are missionary and temperance topics introduced, but also sociological topics. The world-side of religion is emphasized no less strongly than the heaven-side.

Literary Notes.

Richard D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone" and many other novels, died at Teddington, January 20th, aged 75. He was the son of a clergyman and was educated at Oxford. He studied law for a while, and in 1869 he wrote "Lorna Doone," which was rejected by

THE AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE."

eighteen publishers. It was finally published, but received small attention until the Princess Louise, daughter of the Queen, was married to the Marquis of Lorne in 1871, and the public, fancying that "Lorna Doone" had in some manner to do with Lorne and his marriage, bought the entire edition. Then it was found that it was an interesting book, and many editions were printed.

The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature, so long issued by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, has been transferred to the press of Williams & Norgate, London. It will continue to be edited by Principal Salmond, and will be published bi-monthly instead of quarterly at 8s. 6d., post free. It has the best scholars of the day among its contributors, and is one of the very ablest of the theological reviews.

DUNCAN C. SCOTT.

L. FRECHETTE.

BLISS CARMAN.

PAULINE JOHNSON.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS.

A. LAMPMAN.

GILBERT PARKER.

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